DECEMBER 9, 1971 — No. 1033
27th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

CALVINIST-CONTACT

CHRISTIAN WEEKLY

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A Triumphal Entry

(A Zapoteco New Testament Dedication)

I walked where Jesus walked, today. It was not in the Holy Land, and literally it was not where Jesus walked when He was upon earth. But many of the circumstances reminded me of the procession that followed Jesus in His triumphal entry into Jerusalem.

The city was not Jerusalem but rather an obscure town of Zapoteco Indians. The name of the village was Yatzachi el Bajo which is nestled in the majestic mountains of the State of Oaxaca in Mexico. The occasion for the procession was the dedication of the Zapoteco de Villa Alta New Testament. The significance of it all was that many people will now be able to read the New Testament in their own language for the first time.



The Wycliffe Bible Translators who translated the Zapoteco Villa Alta New Testament: Otis and Mary Leal, Inex Butler and Ramona Millar.

The events of the day had its roots in the past. Thirty-two years ago Otis and Mary Leal, Wycliffe Bible Translators, were led by the Lord to begin the task of translating the Word into the language of these people who had no knowledge of Christ. They had to first of all learn the language, then put it into writing since it was an unwritten language. Finally, they began translating the New Testament. It took them hours to reach the village for they had to cross a number of mountain ranges on foot. They lived with the people under the most primitave conditions. Due to the fact that the Leals, with their experience, were needed in other areas of the Wycliffe organization, Inez Butler and Ramona Millar were assigned to assist them in the translation. After 32 years of labour, the New Testament in this difficult language was finally translated, published and released for distribution. The fruits of their labours were acknowledged with an official dedication on September 24. Since Wycliffe Bible Translators had made the translation and Scriptures Unlimited sponsored the publication of this Zapoteco New Testament, the presence of representatives of both organizations was requested. Dr. and Mrs. Frank Robbins (Directors of Wycliffe Translators in Mexico), Attorney Espinosa and Dr. Pedro De Koster (President and Vice President of Scriptures Unlimited Board in Mexico) and the writer were privileged to be present.



Some of the faithful informants of the area who assisted the translators.

It was a beautiful clear day as our small one engine Missionary Aviation Fellowship plane carried us over majestic mountain ranges to the village. It would have taken us days to walk in, as the first translators had to do when they first began their work. Now in 20 minutes we flew directly to Yatzachi el Bajo. It was an awesome sight as we flew over high mountain ranges and viewed below deep valleys with snaking rivers in the bottom which appeared as silver ribbons. Finally we landed on a short runway on the side of a mountain about two miles from the village. We were greeted by a number of people of the village and the town officials. Since the Vice President of Scriptures Unlimited Board in Mexico is an advisor to the President of Mexico and also one of the Sub-Secretaries of his Cabinet, he and the town president led the procession into the village. Dr. Robins, Attorney Espinosa and the writer followed. As we approached the town, the town band joined us. Members of the band wore big hats, sandals, and played unpolished instruments, but it was remarkable how well they played. The procession became longer and longer as people of the village joined in following us. We were later informed that people of the town had been ordered by the officials to clear the trail of all animals for the visitors who were coming. As we entered the town square, each of us visitors were presented a bouquet of flowers. Before the official ceremonies began we were invited to a dinner sponsored by the people of the town. It was vastly different from a dinner north of the Mexican border. We sat around crude tables, and were served "tortillas", chicken and pork, buried in a highly spiced black-brown sauce called "mole". There were no utensils, but we were expected to fold our "tortillas" in a special way to eat the sauce and meat as is common in much of Mexico. We were honoured guests and sat at a special table with the town officials and the head master of the school.



Missionary Aviation Fellowship plane saves many hours of walking. Town officials greet the representatives, Dr. Pedro De Koster, Dr. Robbins and Attorney Espinosa.

After the meal, the people wathered in the town plaza. A special program was presented by the town in our honour. The band played special numbers, officials of other nearby towns spoke, children sang and special folkloric exercises were featured in our honour. The representatives of Wycliffe and Scriptures Unlimited spoke and finally presented a copy of the Zapoteco de Villa Alta New Testament to the town officials.



The sign says: "Welcome to Yatzachi". Notice people are waiting to follow in the procession.

All this took place on Saturday afternoon. Did it mean that the entire town had come to a saving knowledge of Christ? To the contrary, we were told that in the past the town has resisted the Gospel. The School Master, who has for years been very influential in the area, has been an avowed atheist. He had often told the children and the people that when people learn to read and become informed, they are no longer religious. It has for years been known as an anti-religious area. The town officials in the past showed little interest in the work of the translators. Strange, but they planned this festival and honoured all those who had had a part in translating and printing the New Testament in their language.

After a night of rest in the village, we finally saw real evidence of the Spirit at work. There is a group of believers in the town. We gathered for worship in a small church with a number who have confessed Christ as their Saviour and Lord. Those who attended can be seen in the picture of the congregation. That unforgettable Sunday, we saw the power of the Word in the lives of those present. They were converted as books of the New Testament became available to them. In spite of opposition and persecution in the past, these Christians have been faithful in witnessing for the Lord Jesus Christ. We trust and pray, as many read the Word in their own language, that they too will respond to the claims of Jesus Christ. We did not remain in Yatzachi el Bajo, but we left with them God's Word which does not return unto Him void.

As we led the procession into Yatzachi el Bajo, it reminded me of Christ's entry in Jerusalem.

(Continued on page 2)



When the translators arrived there were no Christians. Even today there is limited interest in the Gospel, but the fruits of their labours is seen in this picture of the congregation in Yatzachi.

Reformed Fellowship Speaking Tour

"WILL THE CHRISTIAN REFORMED CHURCH REMAIN TRUE TO SCRIPTURE?" — this was the theme of a Mass Rally held November 19, 1971 in the Grandville Christian Reformed Church at Grand Rapids, Michigan.

This was the first meeting of a Reformed Fellowship Speaking Tour.

Over one thousand people had come from Grand Rapids and the surrounding area to listen to symposium on Synodical Report 36, the **Nature and Extent of Biblical Authority.**

There were three speeches. "The Outlook" presented a look at the past, a look at the present, and a look at the future.

The look at the past was introduced by Rev. L. T. Schalkwyk of St. Thomas, Ont. He spoke about the background in general Church History and in the history of the Christian Reformed Church.

The look at the present was introduced by Rev. T. Vanden Heuvel of Holland, Michigan. He spoke about the mandate given to the committee by a previous synod, which determines the ambiguity of the report.

The look at the future was introduced by Rev. J. Hellinga of Grand Rapids, Michigan: synod 1972 will have to decide for or against the "New Theology" in the Netherlands. If Synod accepts Report 36 it will have decided to give room for Kuitert's views within the Christian Reformed Church.

Many interesting questions were directed to the speakers.

The Reformed Fellowship has scheduled similar informative meetings with this team of speakers in the states of Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, New Jersey, and Florida.

The team will also come to London, Ontario: watch for further announcements.

If you would like them to speak in your area, you can send your requests to Rev. J. Van Harmelen, R.R. 8, London, Ont.

For those areas where the team cannot come, tapes will be available. These can be borrowed by writing to: Reformed Fellowship, Box 7383, Grand Rapids, Michigan, 49510, U.S.A.

A free reprint of some Outlook articles on this subject is available as helpful discussion guideline for consistories, societies, Bible study groups, and youth groups. Single or bulk copies of this reprint may be obtained at the above mentioned address.

"THE OUTLOOK" is the monthly periodical of the Reformed Fellowship of the U.S. and Canada. Subscription rate is $5.00 per year to be sent to the above mentioned head office in Grand Rapids.

The Reformed Fellowship plans for the coming year two youth conferences, and a ministers' conference. If the Lord makes you willing to support this work, send your tax-deductible gifts to the Canadian treasurer: Mr. J. De Boer, 620 Supertest Rd., Downsview, Ont.

A ZAPOTECO NEW TESTAMENT DEDICATION

(Continued from page 1)

They had ordered the trail into the city to be cleaned and cleared of animals. It is true that many cheered as Jesus entered, but later cried out "Crucify Him!", but now Christ has been crucified for the sins of His people. It was a triumphal entry, because with us we carried the Word which points to the Christ whom they need. We trust the Hoy Spirit will use God's Word to conquer the hearts of men. The Lord has used Wycliffe Bible translators and Scriptures Unlimited who have printed the New Testament in getting the Word to them in their own language. The Holy Spirit has been poured out and can now use the Gospel in applying it to the hearts of those that read it. The way is now open, for how shall they believe unless they hear? We would ask that you pray that Christ will have a triumphal entry into the hearts of many Zapotecos. Pray that all the Zapotecos will be in the great procession of believers who will follow the eternal King and Saviour, Jesus Christ into the New Jerusalem. We believe that the events of this day were not only rooted into the past when the Leals came to the Zapotecos, but in eternity, for the Lord has other sheep there which are not yet in His fold.

One regret the writer has is that all of you could not be present in Yatzachi el Bajo for the presentation and dedication of this Zapoteco New Testament, but you can have a part in this great ministry of reaching the unreached of Latin America. There are over 100 different language groups in Mexico alone, and many more in other Latin American countries who are waiting for the Word in their language. Wycliffe Bible Translators are at work translating the Scriptures and Scriptures Unlimited are publishing these translations in many different languages. Many are coming to a saving knowledge of Christ as the Gospel is made available to them. In some tribes some of the books of the New Testament have been made available and already there are over 1,200 Christians.

The Lord used many to make the Word available to the Zapotecos of Yatzachi el Bajo. He used Otis and Mary Leal, Inez Butler and Ramona Millar, and scores of native informants. He used Scriptures Unlimited and those who support them in the printing of the New Testament for distribution. Would you like to have a part in this ministry also in reaching those who never heard the Word in their language? You do not have to live in a primitive village, nor cross mountains to distribute the Word, but you can do it right where you are. We need your gifts and prayers. Scriptures Unlimited is publishing over 90% of Wycliffe translations. The preparation of the original manuscript and printing of a New Testament is extremely costly, but the eternal dividends of individuals coming to a saving knowledge of Christ are great and evident. We urgently need your support today. Perhaps your Sunday School, Church or Society would like to sponsor a publication. Perhaps you are a Christian the Lord has greatly blessed and you would like to personally sponsor a publication.

Send your gifts to Canadian Home Bible League, 734 Wilson Ave., Downsview, Ont. and designate for this work.

You may not be able to walk where Jesus walked while upon this earth, but you can walk with Him and join the procession of God's people committed to the task of going into all the world to reach the unreached with the Gospel by supporting Scriptures Unlimited.

Chester Schemper,
Latin American Director of
Scriptures Unlimited.

(All pictures are taken by the author.)



Delegates of the town of Yatzachi accompanied us to the airstrip. Photo was taken before our departure. We left them the Word.

SONGS WANTED

The Synodical Committee working on the Psalter Hymnal Supplement would like submissions from our own writers of new hymns in specific categories and of Psalm revisions where necessary. Although both lyrics and melodies may be submitted for consideration, submission of either is also encouraged. Especially needed are newer tunes, contemporary settings, and lyrics that recognize a growing social consciousness, as well as hymns that fill the needs of various liturgical events for which there are few if any present hymns in our Psalter Hymnal.

Lyrics and melodies should be sent by January 20, 1972, to either Marie J. Post, 2105 E. Shiawassee Dr. SE, Grand Rapids, Mich 49506, or to Dr. Stanley Wiersma, English Department, Shultze Hall basement, Knollcrest Campus, 1801 Beltline, SE, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49506.

Unless the composer desires a return of his manuscript in the event it is not used (and encloses a self-addressed stamped envelope) those compositions not used in this particular edition of the supplement will be placed in a repository for future consideration.

Submissions should be anonymous with name of hymnist enclosed in sealed envelope which has name of song and first line on outside.

The Next Issues of Calvinist-Contact

will be DATED	will be MAILED	Closing time for ADVERTISEMENTS
Dec. 16	Dec. 14 (Christmas issue)	Dec. 8
Dec. 23/30	Dec. 22 (New Year issue)	Dec. 20 noon
Jan. 6/13	Jan. 7	Jan. 5 noon
Jan. 20	Jan. 14	Jan. 12 noon

Church Announcements

CHR. REF. CHURCH

Accepted

to Woodstock, Ont. (second minister) Rev. H. Lunshof.

Declined

for York, Ont. and Dresden, Ont., Rev. H. Lunshof.

REFORMED CHURCH

Accepted

to Barrie, Ont., Rev. F. Verheul.

as Chaplain of the Brandon General Hospital, Rev. R. Katerberg, stated supply at Barrie, Ont., formerly of Drayton, Ont.

as Stated Supply for 6 months at Montreal, Que., Rev. Dr. Justin VanderKolk.

Rev. D. T. Stiel of Calgary, Alta. will have a leave of absence since he will go to the Netherlands for further study.

At the classis meeting (Classis Cascades) at Noodsack, Wash., a special welcome was extended to Rev. Corstian Klein, formerly of Vancouver, B.C. A couple of years ago Rev. Klein got a heart condition which forced him to withdraw from the ministry. Some friends invited Rev. Klein to go with them to a meeting of Kathryn Kuhlman. When he attended the meeting, Miss Kuhlman announced that she felt that someone in the audience had been healed from a serious heart condition. She invited Rev. Klein to the front, and later visiting his doctor found him very normal and healed. After a while Rev. Klein was able to do all different kinds of work. His doctor confessed that as a man of science he has no explanation for what has happened, but as a Christian he said: "This man is healed by God."

As Rev. Klein finished his testimony, all the classis delegates rose and sang: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." The Lord answered all the prayers in a miraculous way.

REPORT OF FUND FOR CHRISTIAN HIGHER EDUCATION — FALL 1971

(Hamilton & Niagara)

Bank Balance	$ 32.02
July 14 —	
York	60.00
Aug. 11 —	
Burlington	79.55
Aldershot	94.43
Oct. 4 —	
Mount Hamilton	221.00
Brantford	229.78
Jarvis	282.00
Hamilton - Immanuel	56.24
Drayton	44.95
Dunnville	72.20
Guelph	46.00
Wellandport	250.00
Hamilton	51.00
St. Catharines - Trinity	198.72
St. Catharines - Maranatha	218.30
Fruitland	190.00
Niagara Falls	—.—
Welland Junction	—.—
Galt	—.—
Simcoe	—.—
Grimsby	—.—
Interest	.45
TOTAL	$2,126.64

We were able to send $1,675.00 to Hamilton District Christian High School and $417.02 collected in St. Catharines to the Beacon Christian High School.

A hearty thank-you to all who helped to save money for our schools and to our collectors for their time and effort. May the Lord bess the work we do to try to further His Kingdom.

The Committee.

PIONEERS NEEDED

There is a story to the effect that a certain society in South America once wrote to David Livingstone: "Have you found a good road to where you are? If so, we want to know how to send other men to join you." Livingstone replied: "If you have men who will come only if they know there is a good road I don't want them. I want men who will come if there is no road at all."

PUBLIC ANNONCEMENT RE: II CHRISTIAN REFORMED CHURCH, TORONTO

Classis Toronto has published an announcement concerning the suspension of the minister, Rev. J. Byker and the Consistory of the II Christian Reformed Church of Toronto, this action having taken place on November 4, 1971. In view of this Classical Decision we wish to make the following announcement:

1. The Consistory could not in good conscience submit itself to the decision of Classis Toronto of November 4, 1971, until it had had opportunity to submit the same to the congregation.

   The churches ought to know that on November 4, 1971, the Consistory was faced with an accomplished fact of suspension without prior notice and thus had to make an extremely difficult decision. To submit at that time to the action of Classis would have meant that the Consistory could in no way approach the congregation on any aspect or implication of this decision of far reaching consequences in the life of the congregation. The only alternative which the Consistory saw was to disregard the decision of Classis and call together the congregation which, under God, had called it and placed it in office, and to hear from them how it could best serve their interests as a church.

   We were convinced that our obligation to the congregation demanded of us this latter action, even though it has formally and regrettably put us in the position of being in defiance of Classis Toronto. The Consistory is convinced that it has been unjustly dealt with in this matter and has disregarded the decision of Classis Toronto. May we emphasize that this unfortunate dilemma was not the making of the Consistory or the congregation, but it was forced upon us by Classis Toronto.

   The Congregation of II Toronto, in the meeting of November 5, 1971, expressed conclusively that it could not honour the decision of Classis, but felt it must honour the present elders, minister and deacons as their office-bearers in the full function of their office.

2. We intend to appeal the decision of Classis to Synod 1972, as was indicated at the Congregational meeting aforementioned.

Besides the above, the Consistory has made the following declaration:

3. We do maintain, however, that we are still the II Christian Reformed Church of Toronto and that we are a congregation in the Christian Reformed Denomination. The Classis has no authority to determine the status of a congregation in the denomination.

4. Our relationship to the Christian Reformed denomination will need to be determined by Synod, the broadest assembly of our churches. Circumstances demand that the Consistory will further elucidate (opheldering - provide further light on the matter) these matters.

We plead for the prayers of the churches for us in our extremity (or difficult situation).
Nov. 19, 1971.

The Consistory
II Christian Reformed
Church of Toronto.

DATA CENTRE

Dec. 11	The Laudate Dominum Choir hopes to present a concert of excerpts of Handel's "Messiah" in the First Presbyterian Church, corner of Fifth and Wellington Streets in Chatham, Ont.
Dec. 18	Candlelight Service presented by the Grimsby Chr. Choral Society in the Mountainview Chr. Ref. Church, Grimsby. 8.30 p.m. under the direction of Mr. G. E. Hoekstra.
Dec. 18	The 4 combined Music Societies will perform in the Bowmanville Christian School on Scugog Street, Bowmanville under the direction of Leendert Kooy, A.R.C.T.
Dec. 27	Concert of the 4 Music Societies under the direction of Leendert Kooy in Knox Presbyterian Church, Spadina Avenue, Toronto, 8 p.m. Celebrating Tenth Anniversary.
Dec. 29	Reunion H.D.C.H. Alumni Assoc., 8 p.m. Auditorium.

CHRIST IS KING" pogram, presented by the Shalom Production in the following communities:

Dec. 8	Toronto, West Humber Collegiate Institute, Martingrove Road, Rexdale.
Dec. 9	St. Catharines, Laura Secord Secondary School.
Dec. 10	Hamilton, Westmount Sec. High School, Mountcalm Dr., 8 p.m.
Dec. 11	Woodstock.

CALVINIST - CONTACT

CHRISTIAN WEEKLY

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TORONTO

The Evangelical Press News Service distributed a news item concerning the suspension of the consistory of the Second Christian Reformed Church in Toronto. This sad event, which was known mainly to the Christian Reformed people in Canada, has now been spread over the entire continent.

It is understandable that we have been put under pressure to write about what is taking place in Toronto. On the other hand we have also received requests not to publish anything about it. So far we have only published the official press release from classis Toronto of the Christian Reformed Church (see C.C. of November 18), and in this issue we publish an announcement issued by the consistory of the Second Christian Reformed Church of Toronto. We will confine to these two statements, at least for the time being.

We realize that our decision not to publish anything more may be disappointing to some readers. However, apart from the fact that much has preceded this suspension which is unknown to us, it is in fact an internal matter of the Christian Reformed denomination, where our paper strictly speaking has no business.

There is, however, another consideration which, as we see it, overshadows all others. Here is a situation where before anything else our prayers are needed rather than our inquiries. No matter whether you are involved or not, and no matter which side you are on, everyone should bring this matter in prayer before the Lord. The near future in Toronto looks dim, but who can measure the impact if all the members of the Christian Reformed community pray to God for the victory of His grace in what now seems a hopeless situation?

Apart from all aspects of the problem, this could very well be a challenge which the Lord places before the Christian Reformed people to see what they really mean when they talk about the power of prayer and when they confess the community of the saints. Not only people are involved in this suspension, but we should realize that the Name of the Lord Himself is involved. That may bring us on our knees. Don't shrug this off as if prayer is something which you do when no other way is open anymore. And don't ignore it because you happen not to be a member of the Christian Reformed denomination. The name of our God is at stake and that should occupy our minds more than anything else.

Remember how Elijah prayed? "Hear me, o LORD (that is the Covenant God) that these people may see that Thou, o LORD (again this is the Covenant God) art God and that Thou hast turned their hearts back again." (1 Kings 18:27)

Let this prayer sink in. The Lord may be waiting for the prayer of his Christian Reformed children. Are they desirous that the Lord may show that He is LORD?

Do we think that anything is impossible for the Lord? Do we think that the Lord, the King of the Church, cannot work a miracle, even to such an extent that the suspension in Toronto can be lifted?

D.F.

Skin divers have found that fish and shrimp operate "cleaning stations" along our coasts. They set up shop on a reef or wrecked ship and the customer fish glide in, stop, and may even change color to notify the cleaners they want service. The customer floats motionless or lies on the bottom while the little cleaners go to work, nibbling dirt and parasites from his teeth and gills and even scrubbing his skin. Despite the fact that big fish normally eat little ones, a mysterious understanding protects the cleaners both on and off the job. To prove their theory regarding the need of cleaners, scientists removed all the cleaner fish from a station. At first the customer fish came anyway, but in a week their numbers dropped and in two weeks dropped further. But customers who did visit the stations developed sores, fuzzy blotches and frayed fins until the cleaners returned to their jobs! Thus God in His infinite wisdom loves and cares for all His creatures.

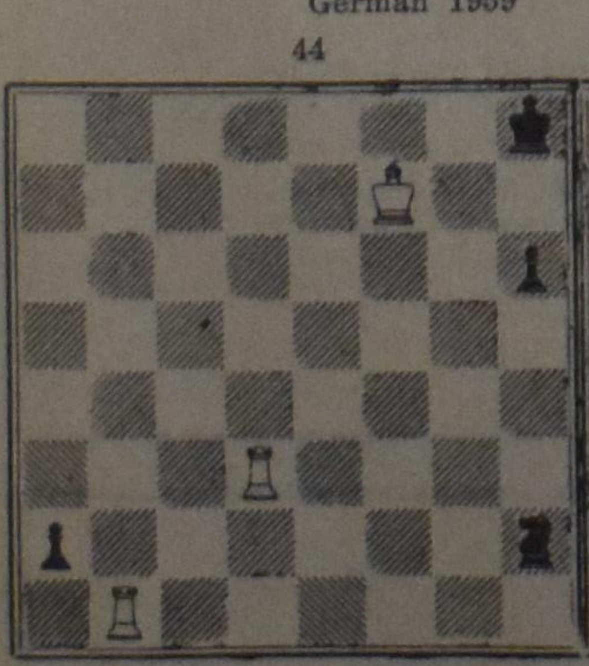
Athel Wm. Miller

Let's Play Chess

Editor: Charlie Hess

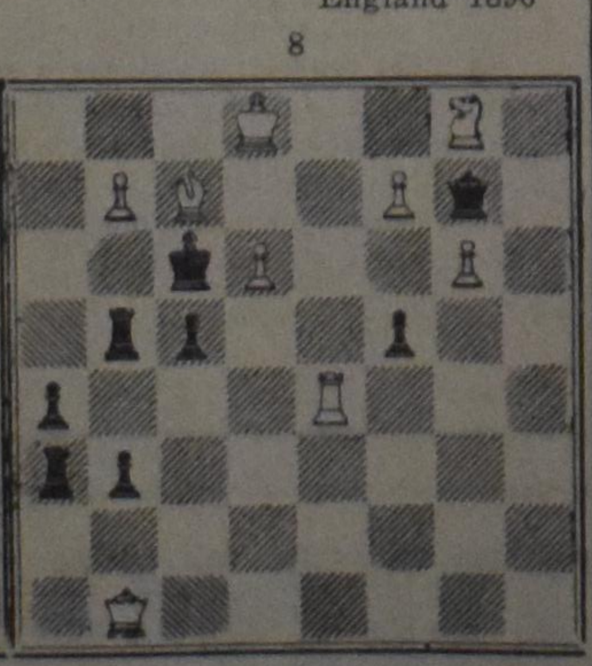
SECOND SERIES OF PROBLEMS IN DECEMBER

470
H. P. Rehm,
German 1959
44



4-m 3 4 p.

471
A. C. Challenger,
England 1896
8



2-m 9 2 p.

NOTES

1. This second series might be of some lighter character than the first one, but some good thinking is still necessary to find both solutions.
2. Nr. 470 is a 4-mover, mind you, but you will have learned already that generally 4-movers are easier than some 3-movers. Moreover, this one is a miniature. Full solution, please.
3. I don't expect much trouble for you with this English 2-mover. If you check every single variation you will discover that this thing has more depth than you might think. Key plus threat, if there is any, should be indicated.
4. The deadline for the December problems is the 20th of January. All not-Ontarians have 5 days more (postmarked). The letters should be addressed to Charlie Hess.

CRISIS AND CHANGE

by LEIGHTON FORD *

This spring marked the first anniversary of one of the tragic chapters in American history — May 4, 1970, when young American soldiers shot to death four young American students at Ohio's Kent State University.

Author James Michener has pieced together a chilling, hour-by-hour account of the Kent State shootings. He depicts Kent as a seething caldron that boiled over into violence. Townspeople, students, guardsmen — all were caught up in this terrible spirit of hate.

He tells about Jerry Rubin, speaking at Kent a few weeks before the shootings, and saying to a group of students there, "The first part of the Yippie program is, "Kill your parents'." He tells of coeds making obscene gestures at guardsmen, mouthing four-letter words. And he believes there was a small core of radical revolutionaries determined to have some kind of confrontation.

But on the other hand, he also shows that the hatred was on the part of older people too. After the shootings some citizens would walk down the street flashing four fingers at the students. And they'd say, "That time we got four. Next time there'll be more."

Michener tells of a mother at a local high school with whom he had an interview. He puts it down verbatim. This mother said, "I believe that all of the long hairs, all of the barefoot, no-good, lazy, good-for-nothing young people walking down the street ought to be shot."

A professor who was listening asked, "Do you believe that long hair is justification for shooting someone?"

She said, "Yes."

He said, "You have two sons at the University. Would you permit one of them to be shot just for going barefoot?"

"Yes," she said.

The professor wanted to know where she got those ideas.

"I teach," she said, "at the local high school. And I tell my students the truth that all such people ought to be shot down."

Kent University is just an ugly and bloody symbol of a society that has been ripped apart. Why? What's happened?

Psychologists and sociologists tell us that when a crisis comes, when a bomb is dropped of when fire breaks out, or a tornado strikes, people are always polarized . . . driven to extremes of behavior. We live in an age when we've heard the word "crisis" so often we're just numb. Everything is painted in crisis poportions today. The "Urban Crisis . . ." the "Ecological Crisis . . ." the "Racial Crisis . . ." the "VD Crisis . . ." the "Drug Crisis . . ." But it seems to me that we who know Jesus Christ and have God's revelation ought to recognize that there is a deeper dimension to all of this. That word "crisis" comes from the Greek word **Krisis** — the word Jesus used on his last trip into Jerusalem. As He approached the cross he said, "Wow is the **krisis**, the **judgment** of this world. Now shall the prince of this world be cast down." The coming of Jesus Christ precipitated a tremendous crisis which ought to say to us that every historical crisis in a sense is a rehearsal for the final judgment.

I believe the same thing that Christ saw is happening in our day. In the last three decades, as Billy Graham pointed out recently to the NAE convention, we've probably had a greater sowing of the Word of God through more organizations and more media than ever before in the history of this country and perhaps even in the history of the world. The Gospel has been billboarded before millions of people. And in a sense, perhaps the preaching of this message has helped to precipitate the crisis that we're going through.

One of the Christian workers at Kent State wrote an article for **Christianity Today** last year about the tremendous evangelistic movement which was going on at that campus before the events of last May 4. I'm not suggesting in some naive way that the preaching of the gospel is responsible for this polarization. Obviously there are tremendous social upheavals that are contributing to unrest. But I do believe that when the gospel seed is sown, there will be a tremendous spiritual backlash. We are confronted with a spiritual enemy, a negative personality who seeks to divide man from God and from himself and from his fellow man.

But somehow in this crisis God is sifting and shaking the world and the church to open it up to a new thing that He is going to do.

What's going to happen? Few of us can predict with any certainty. But it seems to me that we can expect one of two or three things. First, Jesus Christ our Lord may return in that final great crisis sooner than we think. Or it may be that things will get so bad in terms of the alienation and the violence and social decay that God will simply say, "**Enough!**" and level judgment at this nation, any many of our Western nations.

Billy Graham's wife Ruth said, "If God spares America, He'll have to apologize to Sodom and Gomorrah."

Or this may be what one has called, "One of God's terrible springtimes," a prelude to revival.

The history of the Christian movement has been a history of ebb and flow . . . of retreat and advance. The water moves back and then gains force and moves up with a tremendous new tide on the beach. Somehow I feel that we may be today at the beginning of one of the great spiritual tides.

There are some signs of this. For one thing, there is a new interest in Jesus in the media. Malcolm Muggeridge, the British writer says that on a television set today in Britain when you mention the name of Jesus a dead silence falls on the scene.

Billboard magazine said a few weeks ago that Jesus music is the next big thing.

Who would have ever dreamed 12 of 18 months ago that we'd be having songs like "Amazing Grace," and "Spirit in the Sky," and "Put Your Hand in the Hand of the Man from Galilee," in the top forty!

And then there is the resurgence of "student power for Christ." I remember between Christmas and New Year's Day, speaking in Urbana at the great student convention and seeing those 12,000 students. Immediately after the meeting that night my wife and I flew to Chicago. As we walked into our hotel lobby we noticed scores of young people with their guitars singing songs about Christ. Hundreds of people crowded in around, watching. The bellman said to me, "This is the most tremendous group of kids I've ever seen." It was a Campus Crusade for Christ convention just breaking up.

Somehow all those experiences, happening one right after the other, began to say to me that something is moving! There's a boldness and a daring and there's an imagination about our young people that is typical of the early Christians. Many times it's put me to shame and challenged the socks off me.

I believe also that there is today an openness to the personal gospel among Roman Catholics. We've just finished a crusade in northeast Philadelphia. Every parochial high school in that area was open to our team not only to have assembly programs but also to go into religion classes, to rap with students — no holds barred — to tell them what we believed about Christ. The questions they asked were fantastic. The largest single group of inquirers in that crusade were Roman Catholics.

A friend of mine who is an evangelical leader in Canada, said to me recently, "We are beginning to speak freely now about the evangelical wing of the Catholic Church in Quebec." Some of you may have read about the crusade they just had in the Forum of Montreal where a Roman Catholic priest and several Protestant evangelists joined together for a week of preaching Christ in the Forum. They had problems and some differences. Of course! But I believe again that something is stirring there.

A new searching and spiritual wistfulness among adults is also in evidence. Wherever we go today people are saying, "We're not religious; we're not church people; but we know that something is missing."

In Chicago, the Young President's Organization has done a survey two years running among their members on this question: "What are the greatest problems we face?" Two years ago they all mentioned external problems — inflation, pollution, etc. Last year they said the real problems we face are the internal problems: spiritual emptiness, moral uncertainty. So we see Bible classes springing up all across the country.

Of interest also this year has been the revival of curiosity about the supernatural. New York University scheduled a class on witchcraft, black magic and the occult this past winter and had so many enroll for the course they had to move out of the scheduled classroom and take the largest one on campus.

Science and material prosperity have failed to satisfy. People have a hunger. They have a fear of massive forces they can't control. This has opened their minds to occult phenomena. But also, I believe, it has brought to us an opportunity to fill that void in peoples' lives with a true Biblical supernaturalism.

Then it seems to me also that we are beginning to move beyond the old pietist activist hang-up. An old statute I read about in Massachusetts or some place, said something like: "When two vehicles come to the same corner at the same time, both shall stop and neither shall move until the other hath passed"! Now it seems to me we've been stymied like that for many years in the Christian church. The pietists have said, "Let's just give ourselves to personal evangelism." The activists have said, "No, let's turn the church into a social agency and just get involved in the problems of reforming society."

I believe that something new is beginning to happen. A Methodist bishop said to me a few weeks ago, "I believe that if the church has a future in America, it lies in the hands of evangelicals with a social conscience."

There is a new breed of evangelical emerging. We began to hear this note with new authority at the U.S. Congress on Evangelism in Minneapolis in 1969. Many voices are saying that real Biblical evangelism and real Biblical holiness will mean an end to this artificial hangup.

There may still be somewhat of a generation problem at this point. At Urbana, seeing those 12,000 kids singing and praying . . . tackling the social problems of the world with equal enthusiasm — that did something to me. But I'm not sure how much of it has filtered down yet to the grass roots and how much it's really in our soul. But I think there's room for hope.

At the same time, if I'm not mistaken, I have detected in some of the activists I've talked to a weariness, a soul weariness. I'm not criticizing them because many times they've been in there slugging when we should have been helping them when we weren't. Many of them are exhausted and they're admitting that with all of the goodwill in the world but without the power of the Holy Spirit we can't begin to make a dent on the problems we're facing.

Last of all I would mention the renewed concern for evangelistic action. I underline the word **action.** So often those of us who accept the label of evangelicals have been content to be armchair strategists. Evangelism has been our shibboleth and not our passion. We are beginning to see a real new outreach in action.

The Coral Ridge program in Ft. Lauderdale, the many lay institutes on evangelism, the denominational congresses on evangelism — these indicate that quite possibly we have more lay people trained and moving in personal witness today than ever before in America.

But it seems to me that at the same time God is shaking up the world, He is also saying, "I am trying to shake my people, to open you up to My Holy Spirit in a new way."

I've been thinking in recent days about that verse in Hebrews 12:27: "I am going to shake all things that the things which cannot be shaken may remain.' I believe God is putting us through that process today.

During that February earthquake in California I was on the eleventh floor of a Los Angeles hotel overlooking a freeway. As I woke up I thought a train was going through underneath. Suddenly everything began to shake. There was no fixed point of reference whatever. I grabbed onto

(Continued on page 12)

* Dr. Ford, Vice President of the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association, is a Pesbyterian minister who has conducted evangelistic campaigns in many countries of the globe. A native of Canada, he now esides in Charlotte, N.C., with his wife and three children. This article is excerpted from a message by the author to editors and writers at the 23rd annual convention of the Evangelical Press Association in Chicago.





From the Mailbox

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Homes for the aged

Dear Mr. Editor:

Because of what has been published so far, a good number of people must be looking forward to their old age pension.

What a choice: 1) Classis Hamilton Homes for the Aged Inc.; 2) Holland Christian Homes Inc.; 3) Dutch Alliance of Credit Unions Inc.

Indeed, three organizations of Dutchmen trying separately to establish homes for those being called "old".

Before making a choice there is something else they will have to consider.

1) The administration of Classis Hamilton Inc. will give priority to members of the Christian Reformed churches. Only if there are any rooms or beds left, others, also of the Reformed faith, may find a resting place.
2) Holland Christian Homes Inc. seems to be more broad minded and invites for an annual fee of $5.00 anyone who calls himself a Christian.
3) The Alliance of Credit Unions Inc. tops them all with opening wide the doors for christians and gentiles alike.

That's not all yet.

Classis Hamilton has decided that Senior citizens should be put quietly away in the township of Lincoln, far away from the hustle and bustle of this mad world. Here they will not be disturbed by screaming kids but enjoy nature with the singing birds, the green grass and the flowering crab-apple.

Holland Christian Homes Inc. hasn't made known yet where they plan to locate.

The Alliance seems to be of the opinion that the older people should not be put away, taken out of society on a dead end road or a country avenue. It is their believe that the grey and the bald want to see the children play, go for a walk to the store or a shopping centre instead of fading away between the flowering almonds. We have not only summer but also a long winter.

We should first of all show our appreciation for the members of all three boards for their concern and the sincere wish to do something for our Senior Citizens. It certainly is high time that something is being done. I just wonder why we need three organizations aiming for the same goal.

First of all do we need a Christian Reformed Home for the Aged? I don't believe so. It's a pity that corporations I and II cannot work together. Considering the cost and the limited funds, the establishment of two Christian homes is not a very wise arrangement.

Secondly, are we on the right track to establish Christian Homes instead of Homes for Senior Citizens? I may be all wrong and if so, I hope Senior Citizens will correct me.

Just imagine that we live in a street or crescent where all our neighbours to the left and to the right or across the street are all Christian Reformed brothers and sisters. Would we like that? Maybe we should but I doubt it very much.

We may not be of this world but we certainly live in this world all our lives. Would it be wise to take these older people out of this world by suggesting to them to live in a Christian home?

By doing so, don't we more or less say: "You are finished. Your life, also your life of witnessing for Christ in this world is over."?

Again, I may be wrong but it seems to be a little cruel.

If our Senior citizens prefer to live in a Christian Home let us hope that corporation I and II find ways and means to make it a combined effort. However, if it appears that the older people would like to live in a home which is open to all citizens of Dutch descent, let corporations I and II take up contact with no. III. They will undoubtedly find an open ear.

The main question is not, what do we like, but how do our Senior Senior Citizens feel about it. If all three corporations keep that in mind they'll undoubtedly come up with the best solution.

K. Terpstra.

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THE WORD OF THE LORD

Dear Sir:

Creation, in unspoken words, exhibits the spoken word of the Lord.

Having spoken the unspoken words between Rev. Mulder and Dr. Spykman, let's all speak NOW our unspoken words to those, who have an unspeakable thirst for the spoken word of the Lord.

Wilt E. Blaak.

London, Ont.

CHRIST IS KING-PROCLAMATION

This ninety minute programme of sight and sound is designed to focus on the contemporary nature of the old slogan: CHRIST IS KING. The programme was created over a period of two years by Fred Tamminga and Nick Ringma.

The programme itself opens with an original Tamminga-Alhuizen song and draws the audience back to the words of the prophet John the Baptist. The first flashes of light and colour, the carefully drawn slides of Matt Cupido, and the contemporary music arrangements of Danny Hynek add excitement and challenge the audience to respond.

It doesn't stop that simply. The declaration of Kingship means work. And if there is any hint of why hasn't all the work been done in the programme it's because the programme is a stepping stone for people overly familiar with contemporary institutions and churches to a very functional living before the Lord.

The cast of nine includes the travelling musicians sponsored by the B.C. Centennial Committee for Religious Activities, and Fred Tamminga.

Pastoral Counselling

WHO NEEDS A THERAPIST ?

by REV. RALPH HEYNEN,

Pine Rest Christian Hospital Chaplain.

The subject for our discussion today is "Who Needs a Therapist?" In the letters I receive from various parts of the country, possibly the most frequent question is: "How do I know whether I need to see a psychiatrist?" I have a letter before me from a mother who writes: "My husband feels that I should get help for my emotional problems." And then she goes into detail telling about her temper tantrums, about nagging her family, about being excessively firm and demanding with her children, and she asks the question, "Do you think I should see a psychiatrist?" Now, personally, I find it very difficult to give advice, at least direct advice on these kind of problems. It is so hard to determine: does a person need psychiatric help, or psychological help, or does he need the help of some kind of a therapist? I often take these letters to some of the other members of the staff at Pine Rest in order to get their opinion on them; and freqently the answer that we give are just simply guesses, because we do not really know the full circumstances. When you get a letter from a person, it is a lttle hard to determine just how biased this letter really is, or how many of the facts that are told are really true to fact. For often when we talk with peope we find that when they present their problems that these problems are not the only ones or the real problems that they have.

It is well to remember that no person is completely well and no person is completely sick as far as their mental life is concerned. We try to make a distinction between those that are normal and those that are mentally sick, and you have a tremendous task before you. Even the psychiatrists will disagree among themselves as to what a patient needs. And then there is this statement which I like very much which one of our doctors uses frequently: "A person is either more well or less well." So you do not make a hard and fast distinction between those that are sick and those that are well. No person is completely normal, for all of us are afflicted with a certain amount of lack of adjustment, some more and some less. The only person who was adjusted in all of life's relationships was our Lord Himself, and this is due to the fact that there is no hard and fast line of distinction that can be made. Now there is a tendency for people to feel that patients who are enrolled in a hospital are sick and those who are outside of the hospital are mentally well. This is, of course, ridiculous, because I dare say that there are some people who have never seen a psychiatrist or who have never been in a mental institution, but who are more sick than some of the patients that we see day by day in our work here.

Now mental health has been defined as the complete and successful functioning of every part of the human being in harmonious relationship with every other part and its environment. This implies that we are capable of living satisfactorily with ourselves with others, and with our environment. There must be a balance in our lives. We all have our headaches and stomach aches at times, but this does not mean that we are seriously sick. We know for example, that there are a lot of people who have their blue Mondays; but blue Monday clears up on Tuesday and is often followed by a joyous Wednesday. On the other hand when depression, or anxiety, or fatigue, or disinterest in work and in pleasure lasts for some time, a person may well need to see a therapist for help. There are certain things I believe we should be looking for.

I have found a list of things that are mentioned in a booklet on "How to Deal with Your Tension," published by the National Association of Mental Health, Inc.: and there is a section entitled, "Expect a Few, but Act if There Are Too Many." In other words, you may have a few of these things wrong with you, but if you have too many you better look for help. And he mentions eight different things. The first, do minor problems and disappointments throw you into a dither? Secondly, do you find it difficult to get along with people and are people having trouble getting along with you?

Three, do the small pleasures of life fail to satisfy you? Four, are you unable to stop thinking about your anxieties? Five, do you fear people or situations that never used to trouble you? And six, are you suspicious of people, even your friends or your mate? Seven, do you have the feeling of being trapped? Eight, do you feel inadequate and suffer the tortures of self-doubt and guilt? There are some of the things that you should be looking for.

And then there is another factor that I feel is very important; at least this is the kind of thing that we look for at our hospital, and that is, is there a radical change in a person? This is one of the signals that we can observe in ourselves or in others, when a person goes into a sudden and radical change in personality. A person who is normally outgoing and active becomes withdrawn and seclusive, then it is well to keep an eye on him. If a talkative person suddenly becomes quiet, or a quiet person suddenly becomes overly-talkative, there is danger. Changes in the behavior pattern often indicate a deeper change in the inner life. Now it is rather easy to detect an oncoming depression. The person will feel that there is something wrong; the feelings of hopelessness and the feeling of guilt will drive him to seek help, and, of course, suicidal feelings will frighten any person and also the members of the family. If the person which is referred to has such a depression, pastoral counseling alone is not enough. The problem is not only a spiritual one, but a person will need a psychiatrist or a psychologist, or a therapist who is trained to handle depression.

I feel that it is important that when you have symptoms such as those mentioned above, that the first thing you do is go see a doctor and have a good thorough physical examination. If you doctor finds that there is nothing definitely wrong in the physical sense, he may well refer you to a specialist and tell you that you ought to see a psychiatrist, one who has specialized in the diseases and the emotions of the mind. And if he makes this kind of advice, it is a good thing to follow because after all a lot can be done if you catch these kind of illnesses before they have become too deep-seated and chronic. It seems rather strange to me that people resist gong to a person for psychiatrical or psychological help. Some consider it an insult when it is suggested. Like a person who mentions that their pastor had said, "I think you ought to get some help from a psychiatrist", and from then on they refused to attend his church and refused to have him come to the house because they became angry at him. This is a foolish attitude. For today so much can be done to remove the mental suffering that people endure.

Great strides have been made in the last quarter of a century, and there are many things that can be done. We have, for example, in our outpatient department, an evaluation program. A person can come in and be evaluated, take psychological testings, talk to a social worker or a psychologist, and then it can be determined whether they feel there is something wrong, something that needs help. And it can be determined whether you need no therapy and they are very free to say this because the number of patients are ample. But they can also tell you that you need hospitalization or they might say you can be treated on an outpatient basis. There are so many opportunities available; like day care hospital, or night care hospital, part-time hospitalization, short term hospitalization. At present we are working on a program in which we will give intensive therapy for a week or two-week period. All of these things are available for us. Why then should people go on suffering when these God-given means are available? I know it is God who must heal, but He uses the means, and when He uses the means, He uses them to accomplish His purposes. For this reason when sickness strikes, look for help. There is no shame attached to it.

THOUGHT FOR TODAY: When we reach the end of the day we must take careful inventory of it. We must consider its strength and its weakness, its joys and its sorrows, its blessings and its sins. And as we confess our sins we must lay the day with all of its experiences at the feet of God, leaving them with Him who blots the record, graciously forgives, and then forgets.

DURVEN WE?

Straks gaan we weer Kerstfeest vieren.

Durven wij dat eigenlijk wel goed aan?

Iemand zal misschien zeggen, dat er niets te durven valt. Als de Heiland voor die tijd niet weerkeert, dan wijst de kalender vanzelf wel 25 december aan. Dan rollen wij zomaar in Kerst zonder er iets aan te doen.

Dat is natuurlijk zo. Maar Kerstfeest vieren wil iets meer zeggen dan een vrije dag hebben en kerstgeschenken geven. Als een gelovige kerstfeest viert, dan komt hij onder de indruk van het feit, dat God in Zijn Zoon in het mensenleven gekomen is. Dat is wat: God in het mensenleven! Voor hem die gelooft, is dat een ontzettend gebeuren, maar het wekt terzelfdertijd grote problemen. Als God in Zijn Zoon in het mensenleven gekomen is, hoe moet ik het dan verklaren, dat India en Pakistan op het punt van oorlog staan en bij het verschijnen van dit nummer misschien al in oorlog zijn? Hoe moet ik het verklaren, dat Israel in zo'n spanning leeft met zijn Arabische buren? Of is u dit te ver? Wij kunnen wel dichterbij blijven. Als God in het mensenleven gekomen is, hoe kunnen Christenen dan zo ver van elkaar verwijderd zijn? Hoe is het dan mogelijk, dat zelfs in eenzelfde denominatie de tegenstellingen zo uitgroeien, dat de mensen elkaar niet eens meer groeten?

Durven we het echt wel goed aan om straks Kerstfeest te vieren? Durf ik het aan terwijl ik mijn hart toesluit voor de ander en die ander zijn hart niet aan mij wil geven? Wij willen wel. Och ja, iedereen wil wel. In de wereld zegt iedereen dat hij het goede voorheeft. En ook in de kerk tracht iedereen de ander te overtuigen, dat hij of zij met de beste bedoelingen vervuld is. Iedereen is op zijn manier profeet; iedereen ziet zijn eigen richting als de enig juiste, de enig schriftuurlijke. En toch gaat het niet. Waarom toch niet?

Met Kerst is God in het mensenleven gekomen. Geen enkel mens heeft Hem daartoe uitgenodigd. Maar Hij heeft ons liefgehad toen wij nog zondaars waren. De band was heus radikaal gebroken en toch is Hij gekomen. En Hij heeft Zijn Zoon gezalfd als de Christus en als de Herder voor de schapen. Daar heeft geen enkel schaap ooit aan gedacht. Een schaap weet niet dat het een herder nodig heeft. Dat betekent zoveel, dat GOD het met Kerst gedaan heeft, en alléén gedaan heeft en het nog steeds alleen doet.

En wat God begonnen is in de zending van Zijn Zoon geeft Hij nimmer uit handen. Dat geeft Hj zelfs niet eens aan Zijn kerk of aan de ambtsdragers in Zijn kerk. Wij hebben onze predikanten maar een gevaarlijke naam gegeven door hen "undershepherds" te noemen. Er is maar één Herder en die Herder heeft alleen maar schapen.

Schapen nemen nooit de leiding van de Herder over. Schapen worden alleen maar geleid en nemen nooit het initiatief. Als wij de moed hebben om eens niet naar anderen te zien, maar voor onszelf na te gaan of wij een van de teugels in handen willen hebben, hetzij in de wereld of in de kerk. Best bedoeld waarschijnlijk. Begerig om Gods mede-arbeider te zijn misschien. Maar in Gods oog een blok op de weg van de Heilige Geest. En dan gaat het niet. Dan breekt het ons bij de handen af. De bewijzen liggen om u heen voor het grijpen, zowel in de wereld als in de kerk.

Durven wij het aan Kerstfeest te vieren? Ja, wij durven het als God het ons wil doen geloven, dat Hij het alléén was in Bethlehem en het nog steeds alleen is. In mijn erkenning dat God het alleen was, gaat mijn hart open voor anderen en komt er vrede, ook in de kerk.

D.F.

Het Canada Pension Plan

(Canadian Scene) — Het Canada Pension Plan, dat op 1 januari 1966 in werking is getreden, vormt een van de meest belangrijke sociale wetten in de geschiedenis van Canada. De contributies worden betaald door de werknemers en hun werkgevers, en door kleine zelfstandigen. Deze werknemers en kleine zelfstandigen, die een werkkring hebben waar ze voor pensioen in aanmerking komen, zijn verplicht tot dit plan bij te dragen tussen de leeftijd van 18 tot 70 jaar.

Er zijn pensioenuitkeringen beschikbaar voor mensen die de leeftijd van 65 jaar hebben bereikt, mits zij ook inderdaad niet meer werken. Allen die 70 jaar of ouder zijn hebben "recht" op een pensioen, ongeacht of zij werken of niet. Deze uitkeringen worden echter niet automatisch gedaan. Zij moeten aangevraagd worden. Deze pensioenen waarin dus dank zij het Canada Pension Plan wordt voorzien, vormen als het ware een verlengstuk van het ouderdomspensioen, dat aan iedereen van boven de 65 wordt uitgekeerd in verband met de Old Age Security Act.

Iedereen die de leeftijd van 18 jaar heeft bereikt en werk verricht dat uiteindelijk recht geeft op een pensioen, **moet** een Social Insurance nummer hebben. U kunt dat verkrijgen via Uw werkgever of door het aan te vragen bij het Unemployment Insurance Office.

Als iemand nalaat een Social Insurance nummer aan te vragen of als hij dit nummer niet aan zijn werkgever doorgeeft en dan later om uitkeringen verzoekt, dan is het mogelijk dat men de verdiensten die hij gehad heeft en waarop de uitkeringen in normale gevallen gebaseerd zouden zijn, niet in aanmerking zal kunnen nemen. Het is de taak van de **werknemer** er voor te zorgen dat hij een Social Insurance nummer heeft. Het is voor zijn eigen verzekering en bescherming. Weliswaar kan de werkgever beboet worden als hij iemand in dienst heeft zonder dit nummer, maar tegelijkertijd loopt de werknemer het risico bepaalde uitkeringen mis te lopen.

De uitkeringen worden gebaseerd op de verdiensten van een persoon vanaf 1 januari 1966, toen het plan van kracht werd, of vanaf de maand nadat de persoon de leeftijd van 18 jaar heeft bereikt, als die datum later is dan 1 januari 1966. Over de eerste $600 van iemand's verdiensten behoeft geen premie te worden betaald. In 1971 worden premies geheven over de verdiensten tussen de $600 en $5400. Men noemt dit de "contributory" verdiensten. Over deze verdiensten betaalt de werknemer 1.8 procent van zijn loon of salaris. Dat betekent dus dat een persoon die $1000 per jaar verdient 1.8% van $400 betaalt oftewel $7.20 per jaar. Aan de andere kant betaalt een persoon die $5400 of meer verdient per jaar een premie van 1.8% over $4800 of $86.40 per jaar. De werkgever draagt een gelijk bedrag bij, zodat in totaal een bedrag van 3.6% wordt betaald ten behoeve van de werknemer. Zelfstandigen dragen tot het plan bij als hun netto verdiensten tussen de $800 en $5400 bedragen, en ook in dit geval wordt over de eerste $600 geen premie betaalt. In zo'n geval wordt ook 3.6% premie betaald, hetgeen dus gelijk is aan de premie die in andere gevallen in totaal door werkgever en werknemer wordt betaald.

De uitkeringen zijn als volgt:

(1) Het pensioen bedraagt 25% van de gemiddelde zg. "pensionable" verdiensten van een persoon gedurende de tijd dat hij heeft bijgedragen. Het maximale bedrag, gebaseerd op de huidige berekeningen, is $112.50 per maand. Dit maximum is echter niet beschikbaar voor 1976. Tot die tijd worden echter wel kleinere bedragen uitgekeerd.

(2) Er is een weduwe pensioen beschikbaar voor weduwen van 45 jaar of ouder, of voor weduwen die, ongeacht hun leeftijd, een kind of kinderen van de overledene grootbrengen of die invalide zijn, vooropgesteld dat de overleden echtgenoot tenminste gedurende drie gehele of gedeeltelijke jaren premie heeft betaald. Als de weduwe tussen de 35 en 45 jaar is en als zij niet invalide is en ook niet voor kinderen behoeft te zorgen, dan is er tot haar 45ste jaar een gereduceerd pensioen beschikbaar. Als zij beneden de 35 jaar is wanneer haar man overlijdt dan is er geen pensioen beschikbaar totdat zij 65 jaar is, tenzij zij in de tussentijd invalide wordt. Een weduwe pensioen voor personen onder de leeftijd van 65 jaar bedraagt $27.06 per maand plus 37½ procent van de huidige waarde van haar overleden man's pensioen. Als haar man bij zijn overlijden de leeftijd van 65 jaar nog niet had bereikt dan doet men alsof hij recht had op pensioen ten tijde van zijn overlijden.

(3) Een invalide weduwnaar heeft in bepaalde gevallen recht op een uitkering als hij bij het overlijden van zijn vrouw al invalide was, en als hij afhankelijk was van zijn vrouw's inkomen.

(4) Als een persoon geestelijk of lichamelijk zo ongeschikt is tot werken, dat het waarschijnlijk is dat hij in het geheel niet zal kunnen werken, dan is er een mogelijkheid op een pensioen van $27.06 per maand plus 75% van de huidige waarde van zijn pensioen.

Zo'n pensioen wordt niet aan hemzelf uitbetaald en het bedrag wordt berekend alsof hij op het moment dat hij ongeschikt tot werken raakte, de tijd had bereikt waarop hij recht had op een pensioen. Deze zg. "disability" pensioenen kunnen alleen betaald worden als de persoon tenminste gedurende vijf gehele of gedeeltelijke jaren premie betaald heeft.

(5) Er zijn verder uitkeringen beschikbaar voor of ten behoeve van kinderen van een invalide of overleden premiebetaler. De kinderen moeten de echte of aangenomen kinderen van zo'n persoon zijn of direct onder zijn toezicht gestaan hebben. Als zo'n kind tussen de 18 en 25 jaar oud is dan moet hij, om recht op de uitkering te hebben, een dagschool of universiteit bezoeken. De uitkering bedraagt $27.06 per maand voor ieder kind voor de eerste vier kinderen in een gezin en de helft van dit bedrag voor verdere kinderen.

(6) Bovendien is er een bedrag ineens beschikbaar bij overlijden van een verzekerde persoon, hetgeen wordt betaald aan de nagelaten betrekkingen en hetgeen neerkomt op zes keer de huidige waarde van het pensioen van de overledene of 10% van de maximale "pensionable" verdiensten; het laagste van deze twee bedragen wordt dan uitgekeerd. Voor iemand die in 1971 overleden is is het maximum dat wordt betaald $540.

VAN DOMINEES EN GEMEENTEN

(13)

Naar Eenheid van Opleiding

door JOHN DE HAAS

Reeds enige malen is in deze schetsen sprake geweest van het grote tekort aan predikanten onder de Afgescheidenen. Verschillende van de "Vaders der Afscheiding" hielden zich reeds spoedig bezig met het opleiden van jonge en vaak ook wel oudere mannen, die tot het predikambt wilden komen. Zo gaandeweg zien we verschillende Provinciale schooltjes ontstaan.

Ds. de Cock begon er in 1835 reeds mede, toen hij te Smilde woonde en zette dit voort, toen hij in mei 1837 naar de stad Groningen verhuisde. Ook Ds. van Raalte deed het te Ommen, Ds. Brummelkamp te Arnhem, en later verenigden deze beide laatsten zich te Arnhem.

En dan was er de Drentse school te Ruinerwold, in de Bergen, waar Wolter Alberts Kok jarenlang het onderwijs heeft gegeven.

Eerst was het zijn broeder Frederik, die, opgeleid door Ds. de Cock, in 1840 reeds predikant was geworden te Dwingeloo en al spoedig was aangesteld om anderen eveneens op te leiden tot predikant. Nu had deze Frederik al reeds eerder onderwijs gegeven, n.l. aan de kinderen der gemeente. Hij was onderwijzer geweest, tezamen met zijn broer Wolter, aan de eerste vrije Gereformeerde School in Nederland, welke in 1836 te Dwingeloo was opgericht.

Beiden behoorden met hun gehele familie tot de eerste Afgescheidenen in Drente. Frederik was gekozen tot ouderling en hij zag reeds zeer spoedig de noodzaak in van Gereformeerd onderwijs voor de kinderen. De laatste stoot tot oprichting van deze school was gegeven door de uitgave van "De Prentbijbel", geschreven door een vrijzinnig Hervormd predikant, Ds. G. Benthem Reddingius, die tevens school opziener was. Deze noemde het in zijn voorwoord een nuttig werk om de kinderen met de voornaamste Bijbelse geschiedenissen bekend te maken "zonder, waardit geschieden kon, iemand te ergeren".

Behalve dat er toen spoedig een school werd opgericht, schreef Frederik een boekje onder de titel: "De Prentbijbel van G. Benthem Reddingius, zoogenaamde Hervormde Leeraar en Schoolopziener te Assen, als een werk des Satans bevonden en weerlegd, gedrongen hiertoe wegens het Godonterende en verleidende voor Kerk en Scholen, zijner, althans in deze Provincie algemeen verspreide geschriften die zeker, evenals deze Prentbijbel, verpestend zijn voor de zielen der menschen". Nu, daar was geen woord Frans bij!

De school werd aanvankelijk in alle stilte gehouden. Men had toen nog niet de vrijheid om zo maar een school op te richten, ook al wilde men alles zelf betalen. Het houden van godsdienstoefeningen met meer dan 19 personen was niet vrij en het houden van scholen ook niet. Daarom hield men deze in het kerkgebouw, onder de galerij. De ruimte daar kon worden afgesloten en men was er steeds gereed om, als b.v. de schoolopziener onverwachts binnenkwam, leien, boeken en schoolborden onmiddellijk op de galerij in veiligheid te brengen. En dan was de school plotseling veranderd in een catechisatie!

Zoals gezegd is Kok, toen hij predikant was geworden, begonnen met anderen eveneens op te leiden tot het predikambt. Dat heeft te Dwingeloo niet lang geduurd, want hij vertrok reeds in 1842 naar Friesland. Doch toen hij in 1849 predikant te Schoonhoven was, is hij met dit werk weer begonnen; en hij heeft hèt voortgezet te Zuilichem, waarheen hij in 1852 vertrok. Zijn studenten trokken met hem mee.

Hij had een lage dunk van zichzelf. In het begin van zijn domines-loopbaan wilde hij meermalen zijn ambt neerleggen, omdat hij er toen geen goeds in vond. Maar dat durfde hij toch weer niet te doen, want hij voelde, dat de nood hem was opgelegd.

Toen hij naar Friesland was vertrokken, viel de taak van de opleiding aan de Drentse school op zijn broeder Wolter, die ruim een jaar tevoren predikant was geworden van de Christelijk Afgescheiden Gemeente te Ruinerwold (op een traktement van driehonderd gulden per jaar).

Deze was het tegenbeeld van zijn broer. Vrolijk en opgeruimd van aard, had hij tevens vele kanselgaven, werkelijk singuliere gaven voor de prediking; in kennis was hij echter de mindere van zijn broer.

Hoewel hij zelf het gemis aan een academische opleiding als een groot bezwaar voelde, was zijn onderwijs toch zeer goed te noemen. Vele predikanten, die later een grote naam in de Chr. Geref. Kerk hebben gekregen, zijn door hem onderwezen, o.a. vanwege hun gezonde leer inzake sacramenten en verbond. Hoeveel studenten Wolter Kok heeft opgeleid is niet te zeggen, want er is geen lijst van bijgehouden: Kok had de eigenaardigheid van maar heel weinig op te schrijven. Hij vertrouwde steeds op zijn stalen geheugen, en dat liet hem zelden in de steek. Maar het moeten er om en bij de vijftig zijn geweest, die van hem onderwijs hebben ontvangen.

Een zijner meest begaafde leerlingen was Jan Bavinck, afkomstig uit de Graafschap, in Duitsland, de vader van de latere Prof. Dr. Herman Bavinck. Deze is later zijn mede-docent geworden en tezamen hebben zij in de laatste jaren vóórdat in 1854 de Theologische School te Kampen werd geopend, het onderwijs gegeven. Toen was de opleidingsschool alreeds enkele jaren te Hoogeveen gevestigd, waarheen Ds. Kok het beroep had aanvaard.

Het is voor Ds. Kok een verademing geweest, dat deze taak van zijn schouders werd genomen. Maar hij is de kerken blijven dienen, nu niet meer als docent, doch als prediker, en niet in het minst als leidinggevende figuur in het bredere kerkelijk leven.

Meestentijds werd hij afgevaardigd naar de Generale Synode, (toen noemde men dit de Algemene Synode) en wat geen predikant in de Chr. Geref. Kerk of in de Gereformeerde Kerken te beurt is gevallen, was hem beschoren: Tot viermaal toe werd hij geroepen tot het voorzitterschap van de Algemene Synode. En deze taak heeft hij steeds op een voorbeeldige wijze verricht, daarin gesteund door zijn grote mensenkennis en rijpe levenservaring.

(Wordt vervogd)



DIT IJSLANDSE HOFCOSTUM voor dames is thans in het bezit van het Canadian Centre for Folk Culture Studies van het National Museum of Man in Ottawa. De vervaardiging er van heeft twee jaar in beslag genomen. De zware, zwarte rok heeft een in een groen eikenbladmotief geborduurde rand en het lijfje is rijk met gouddraad bestikt. De cein tuur, met de inscriptie 1871 en de kroon zijn voorbeelden van het traditionele Ijslandse filigraanwerk en uitgevoerd in verguld zilver.

Photo welwillend afgestaan door het National Museum of Man.

40-JARIG AMBTSJUBILEUM VAN DS. G. J. HOYTEMA

Ongeveer een week geleden kreeg ik een telefoontje van een ouderling uit een van de kerken die Rev. Hoytema in Canada gediend heeft. Hij verzocht mij of ik er voor wilde zorgen dat er iets in C.C. kwam over het veertigjarig ambtsjubileum van Ds. Hoytema.

Daar ik gewoonlijk een vraag om iets te doen tot dusver met ja beantwoord heb, kon ik onmogelijk dit verzoek weigeren. Ik zou het een en ander over Ds. Hoytema kunnen schrijven omdat ik hem al jaren ken, en vooral ook omdat we de laatste paar jaren dicht bij elkaar wonen en elkaar nogal vaak hebben gezien en gesproken.

Het is niet gemakkelijk voor mijn collega om dit veertigjarig ambtsjubileum te vieren. U moet weten dat de Here slechts een paar maanden geleden zijn vrouw thuis geroepen heeft. 18 November zouden ze hun veertigjarig huwelijksfeest hebben gevierd. Zoals u ziet er vallen zwarte schaduwen over de maand november. Toen ik hem vorige week bezocht viel het me weer op dat hij zich zo eenzaam gevoelde. Lichamelijk is hij echter nog zo goed. Hij kan gaan en staan waar hij wil. En hij heeft nog veel energie. Wil graag nog wat doen in Gods kerk en koninkrijk. Maar zijn leven is gebroken. Hij mist zijn vrouw heel erg. Hij dacht dan ook dat zijn veertigjarig ambtsjubileum wel in stilte zou voorbijgaan. Aan publiciteit had hij helemaal niet gedacht.

Toen kwam ik bij hem binnenvallen om over die veertigjarige ambtsperiode te praten. Het werd een prachtige middag. Ds. Hoytema kan onderhoudend vertellen. En hij heeft een goed geheugen, zodat heel wat "oude koeien uit de sloot werden gehaald" en verhalen over professoren, ambtsdragers en gemeenteleden werden "opgedist".

Ds. Hoytema is een Fries van geboorte. Hij werd geboren in Tzum, een klein dorp met de hoogste toren in Friesland. De inwoners van Oldeboorn weten daar over mee te praten. Zij wilden een toren bouwen die nog twee meter hoger zou zijn dan de toren van Tzum. Daarom kwam een commissie de maat nemen. Zij hadden een lang lint bij zich en dat werd afgeknipt nadat iemand het aan het hoogste punt van de toren had vastgemaakt. Toen de commissie echter thee ging drinken bij het hoofd van de school, zag die kans om het lint enkele meters korter te maken. Het resutaat was dat, toen de toren in Oldeboorn klaar was, hij toch nog twee meter korter was dan de lange toren van Tzum. De inwoners van Tzum kregen toen de bijnaam van "lintjessnijders".

Maar ik zou schrijven over Ds. Hoytema. Ik bezocht hem met mijn cassete-recorder en sprak met hem geruime tijd. Ik dacht zo een interview met hem is vast meer gewaardeerd door de lezers dan een heel verhaal van mij over hem. Zo vuurde ik dan mijn kwesties op hem af. Heel gewone vragen, hoor.

1. George, de 22ste november hoop je te gedenken dat je 40 jaar geleden in het ambt bevestigd werd. Je was toen ongeveer 30 jaar. Kun je me iets vertellen over de periode die daar aan voorafging? . . .

Ik ben erg blij dat je me daarnaar vraagt, want ik kan mijn later leven niet losmaken van die tijd. Ik ben opgegroeid in een eenvoudig gezin, waar de dienst des Heren de levensstijl bepaalde. Er was een leven in kinderlijk vertrouwen. Ik heb van het krampachtige in de godsdienst van mijn ouders nooit iets gemerkt. Zij waren vrome mensen, die op de Here vertrouwden. Mijn vader was een bescheiden man. Toen hij als diaken gekozen werd, was het hem te groot, hij kon geen vrijmoedigheid vinden dat ambt te aanvaarden, en vroeg ontheffing. Mijn moeder droeg haar gezin op het hart. Als ze op haar knieën bezig was met stoffer en blik de vloer te vegen, bad ze meteen voor haar kinderen. Het in de rechte zin bevindelijk geloofsleven van mijn ouders heeft een stempel op mijn leven gezet, en deed ook de begeerte in mijn hart opkomen om predikant te worden.

2. Je was al dertig jaar toen je dominee werd, stond de weg tot het ambt of de studie daartoe dan niet direkt voor je open? . . .

Nee, eerst niet. Ik kon thuis moeilijk gemist worden. Ik voelde het als mijn plicht om mijn vader te helpen bij het werk op het land. Hij was zoals ze dat in Friesland noemen — een gardenier. Ik moest echter wel in militaire dienst . . . en ze moesten het nu thuis zonder mij redden. Toen ik terugkwam uit de militaire dienst werd de mogelijkheid geopend dat ik het gereformeerd gymnasium in Leeuwarden kon bezoeken. Ik kon de zes-jarige cursus in vier jaar volbrengen, en werd daarna ingeschreven als student aan de Theologische Hogeschool te Kampen.

3. Wanneer werd je candidaat in the theologie? . . .

In 1931 werd ik candidaat in de theologie. In een moeilijke tijd. Het was een tijd van overvloed van werk en werkkrachten.

4. Daar weet ik van mee te praten. Ik werd candidaat in 1936, en toen was het nóg overvloed van werk en werkkrachten. Er waren toen 120 candidaten en 20 vakante gemeenten . . . hoe ging het toen met jou, kreeg je nogal preekverzoeken?

Ja, ik was erg gelukkig. Terwijl veel candidaten jaren lang rondpreekten of voor een tijdlang hulpprediker werden, kreeg ik in datzelfde jaar vier beroepen. Ik nam het beroep naar de arme Friese heide, Twijzelerheide, aan.

5. Zijn er ook personen die bijzondere invloed op je hebben uitgeoefend? . . .

Ja, tijdens mijn studie vooral de rector van het gymnasium, Dr. Mulder. Hij had een groot gezin, en in de tijd dat ik op het gymnasium was, stierf zijn vrouw. Hij heeft ons toen voorgeleefd het leven van een christen en zijn levenshouding maakte een diepe indruk op ons studenten. Misschien ook vooral op mij omdat ik zoveel ouder was dan de gemiddelde student. En later in Kampen was het vooral prof. Honig, een man des vredes, die ons grote liefde heeft bijgebracht voor de kerk, die Christus met Zijn bloed heeft gekocht. Hij heeft me vooral geleerd om diep kerkelijk te denken en te leven.

Twee vrouwen hebben grote invloed op mij gehad: mijn moeder en mijn vrouw. Het zou te ver voeren om dit in bijzonderheden uit te werken, maar ik kan mij mijn predikantsleven en de zegen die het heeft afgeworpen niet indenken zonder de invloed van deze twee vrouwen.

6. Kun je ook een globaal overzicht geven van de 40-jarige periode? . . .

In de eerste plaats zou ik willen herhalen dat God mij gedurende al die tijd zo onnoemelijk veel in mijn vrouw heeft gegeven. Hoe mijn ambtelijk leven geweest zou zijn zonder haar, ik kan het me niet voorstellen. Mijn kinderen en ik blijven haar zo gedenken als een gave van God.

En verder, de Here heeft haar en mij als Zijn kinderen gedurende heel deze periode wel heel erg verwend. In al de zeven gemeenten die we samen hebben mogen dienen heeft God het zo wonderlijk goed gemaakt dat er alleen maar reden is tot verwondering en dank.

7. Kun je ook iets zeggen over die gemeenten afzondelijk? . . .

Daar zou een boek over te schrijven zijn. TWIJZELERHEIDE was een bijzondere gemeente. Toen ik er kwam waren meer dan de helft van de ruim honderd catechisanten ongedoopt. Als beide ouders dooplid van de kerk waren, werden de kinderen niet gedoopt. Velen hadden geen vrijmoedigheid om belijdenis van geloof te doen. Het "moest toch waar zijn" als je belijdenis deed. En "daar moest je toch ook zeker van zijn".

God heeft toen een rijke zegen gegeven op de ambtelijke arbeid. Vooral op het bezoeken van de gezinnen. Men ging er anders over denken. Men zocht het meer in Christus dan in de mens zelf. Men wierp het anker uit buiten het schip in plaats van in het schip, wat immers als dwaasheid werd gezien. Het is meer dan eens gebeurd dat op een zondagmiddag een groot aantal kinderen werd gedoopt, nadat de ouders 's morgens hun geloof in het openbaar hadden beleden. Op een zondagmiddag doopte ik meer dan dertig kinderen. Dan druiste 's Heren huis van vreugde. (Psalm 98:3)

De ernst die er dan in die gezinnen gemaakt werd met het beleven van het beleden geloof is me altijd bijgebleven.

SMILDE was een trouwe gemeente. Je moest hen, als de schapen van de Drentse heide, niet drijven, maar voorgaan. Dan volgden ze. Wij zijn in deze gemeente het langst geweest omdat we gedurende de moeilijke oorlogsjaren niet wilden veranderen.

Velen in die gemeente zijn in die tijd als slachtoffers van de nazi-terreur gevallen. Meermalen is het gebeurd dat aan de kerkeraad werd gevraagd om vaak Avondmaal te vieren, want, zo zei men, we weten niet of we de volgende zondag allen nog wel hier zullen zijn.

Ik mag het niet te lang maken. MONSTER, onze derde gemeente, met zijn nijvere Westlandse bevolking, was zo geheel anders. Velen toonden ons ook daar dat de ijver voor Gods Huis hen vervulde.

Daarna leidde onze weg naar CANADA. Deputaten voor de emi-

(Vervolg op blz. 7)

VICE-CONSULAAT THUNDER BAY, ONT.

Bij Koninklijk Besluit van 14 september j.l. werd eervol ontslag als honorair Vice-Consul der Nederlanden the Thunder Bay verleend aan Dr. H. Blouw, zulks wegens vertrek naar British Columbia.

Gelijkertijd werd de Heer R. P. Welter daar ter stede benoemd tot opvolger van de Heer Blouw. De Heer Welter, bouwkundig ingenieur, houdt kantoor te Thunder Bay aan het adres: 550 Eight Avenue.

Het ressort van het Vice-Consulaat, dat onder het Consulaat-Generaal te Toronto ressorteert, omvat dat gedeelte van Ontario, dat is gelegen ten Westen van de meridiaan 85° westerlengte.

IN ZIJN ARM DE LAMMEREN

Dit verhaal, dat in zeker opzicht allegorisch is, verplaatst ons op een der Zeeuwse eilanden in de twintiger jaren. en vergunt ons een blik in het hart en leven van een kind. Het doet ons denken aan een bloemknop die zich langzaam en gestadig ontplooit om tot volle bloei te komen; doch het weent niet "om bloemen, in den knop gebroken, en voor den uchtend van haar bloei vergaan."

Door CORNELIUS LAMBREGTSE
(Auteursrecht voorbehouden)

(19)

Daar Fransje zelden overdag op de zolder komt, heeft hij nimmer de varkensblaas gezien die daar al sedert het najaar hoog tegen de witgekalkte schoorsteen aan een spijker te drogen hangt. De enkele keren dat hij met Moeder meegaat als ze 's morgens de bedden opmaakt of, als het regent, met Wantje op de zolder spelen mag, terwijl de valle zorgvuldig achter hen is neergelaten, blijft hij in de onmiddelijke buurt van het raampje. De hoeken en kanten van de zolder zijn altijd met een geheimzinnige schemer gevuld die hem bang maakt, en zelfs zijn ledikantje heeft dan niets gemeen met het vertrouwde eilandje van warme veiligheid dat het 's avonds is als de donker alle hoeken en gaten opgezwolgen heeft en de grenzen van zijn wereld zich verengd hebben tot de beschutting van zijn dekens en de kap van zijn bed.

Als Kees om vier uur thuis komt op de dag voor oudejaar, heeft hij een handvol lange gladde roetstengels bij zich die hij onderweg in een der sloten gesneden heeft. Hij legt ze in den uze op tafel, en voor Fransje vragen kan wat hij daar mee doen moet, vliegt Kees naar het achterhuis, licht de ladder van zijn bout, en klautert twee treden tegelijk naar boven. Een ogenblik later komt hij terug in de voorkamer met de perkamentachtige blaas die, behalve zijn elasticiteit, tevens veel van de oorspronkelijke lucht verloren heeft, en dus bij elke heweging een krakelend geluid laat horen. Fransje's gezicht is één vraagteken, en hij staat naar woorden te zoeken om een der vele vragen die in hem oprijzen te formuleren. Tenslotte roept hij met een hoge stem: Wat is dat voe dienk, Kees, en wat mô-je dae mie doen? Kees neemt een autoritaire houding aan en zegt: Da's een verkensblaeze, van de slachter. Dae mô Vader een koenkelpot van maeken.

Die uitleg maakt Fransje echter niets wijzer, daar hij niet de minste idee heeft wat een koenkelpot is; dus vraagt hij ongeduldig: Wat is een koenkelpot, en wat mô-je dae mie doen?

'n Koenkelpot is een dienk om mie te koenkelen!

Fransje wordt boos om Kees' nietszeggende korte antwoorden, en haast bevelend roept hij tegen Moeder: Poete laet 'n 't es zaen! Wat mô-je mie een koenkelpot doen? Maar Wantje grijpt gaarne deze gelegenheid aan haar superieure kennis te luchten. Nederbuigend lief legt ze uit: Kiek, Fransje, die blaeze komt uut 'n verken z'n lief, en die aemme laeten drôgen en de schouwe op zolder. Dae gae Vader een stiksje van snien, en dae maekt n' der een rietje an vast, en dan bindt 'n dat over een jampotje of een koffiebuzze, en dan is't een koenkelpot. Dan mô-je in je's and spien en mie je'n and langs dat rietje slieren, en dan zeit 'n koenkelpot: Oempa-oempa-oempa! En dan mô-je'r ok nog een vaesje bie ziengen.

Wantje houdt nu haar linkerarm krom tegen haar borst en met haar hand houdt ze een denkbeeldigee koenkelpot vast, terwijl ze met de rechterhand op en neer glijdt langs het eveneens denkbeeldige rietje. Ondertussen zingt ze:

'k Heb zo lang met de koenkelpot gelopen;
'k Heb geen centj' om een broodje te kopen:
Alle bakkerij, alle bakkerij!
Geef m'een centje, dan ga'k voorbij:
Dubbeltjes op de planken,
'k Zal j'er voor bedanken:
Geef wat, houd wat,
Volgend jaar alweer wat!

Fransje staat haar met open mond aan te gapen. Ofschoon hij nu enig idee heeft wat een koenkelpot is, toch blijven er steeds nieuwe vragen opwellen in zijn binnenste. Zo'n ding mag dan een heel interessant muziekinstrument zijn, waar je pret mee kunt maken, maar wat is de bedoeling van dat alles? Wantje is echter nog niet uitgeredeneerd. Als ze wat op adem gekomen is van haar luidruchtige demonstratie vervolgt ze: Mergen is 't ouwejaer — dat betièkent den lessen dag van 't jaer, en dan gaen ale groate guust mie 'n koenkelpot langs de deure bie de mensen. En dan ziengen ze dat vaesje en dan geven de mensen centen an de guust.

Fransje staat haar nog steeds verstomd aan te staren. Dan kijkt hij naar de droge varkensblaas in Kees' handen en de bruine rietstengels op de tafel. Hij voelt een sterke begeerte in zich oprijzen, een begeerte van het soort waar hij al eens eerder kennis mee gemaakt heeft, niet zo lang geleden. Zijn gedachten tasten naar middelen en wegen, en zijn net als een dun stroompje water dat langs allerlei obstakels een weg zoekt om zijn doel te bereiken.

Kan Vader mae ièn koenkelpot van die blaeze maeken? vraagt hij heel doelbewust.

O, niènt! Dae kunnen der wè dieë en messchien wè viere uut, geeft Kees ten bescheid.

Krieg ik er dan ok ièn? vraagt hij begerig, en weer wendt hij zich tot Moeder: Ee, Poete, krieg ik er ok ièn?

O, messchien wè; dat mô-je mae an je vader vraegen.

Uit de toon waarop Moeder dit zegt, maakt Fransje op dat er een grote kans bestaat dat hij ook zo'n wonderlijk ding gaat bezitten, en hij gevoelt dat hij een stap nader tot zijn doel is. Maar er is iets onbehaaglijks iin zijn gedachten blijven haken. Wantje heeft met nadruk betuigd dat grote guust langs de deuren gaan met een koenkelpot. Hij vraagt zich af of daar dus alleen schoolgaande kinderen voor in aanmerking komen. En om zich alvast stavuur te geven, spreekt hij Poete ditmaal aan als Moeder: Moeder, à Vader voe mien ok zo'n koenkelpot maekt, mag ik dan mergen ok mee langs de deuren?

Dat weet ik nog nie, oor kind. Je bin nog zô kleine en je zû zô moe worren. En 't is mergen messchien wè vee te koud.

Fransje is er van overtuigd dat morgen zelfs een siberische koude hem niet zou kunnen deren, en hij wendt al zijn overredingskracht aan om Moeder tot een definitieve toestemming te bewegen. Maar die zegt alleen: Me zun we es zien oor, wat a je Vader der van dienkt. Hij beseft dat hij voor dit obstakel zal blijven steken tot vanavond na het eten. Hij hoopt dat hij dan genoeg moed zal hebben om Vader zijn verzoeken te doen. Hij roept alvast Moeder's hulp in door te vragen: Poete, vraeg jie 't an Vader voe me?

Wantje neemt voor de derde maal het gesprek over en zegt: Mae jie kun nog ginièns dat vaesje ziengen. Wach mae es, ik za je 't wè es even lièren.

Op nieuw brengt ze haar armen in de juiste positie en beveelt Fransje haar voorbeeld te volgen. Dan zingt ze op luide toon: 'k Heb zo lang met de koenkelpot gelopen . . . en laat Fransje het haar nazingen. Maar daar het voornaamste bestanddeel in de handeling ontbreekt, heeft hij moeite de juiste bewegingen met zijn armen en handen te maken. Wantje is een veeleisende onderwijzeres, die niet eerder tevreden is tot hij haar voorbeeld precies volgt. Als zij zo het hele versje met hem doorgenomen heeft begint ze weer van voren af aan, en spoedig kan Fransje op eigenhoutje enige regels verder gaan. Hij laat haar het vers net zo lang voorzingen tot hij het helemaal kent. Heimelijk hoopt hij dat dit een reden te meer zal zijn voor zijn ouders om toestemming te geven morgenochtend met de guust te gaan koenkelen.

Zodra Vader het amen uitgesproken heeft na het lange dankgebed vliegt Kees naar het achterhuis om de aardappelen en het aardappelemmertje te halen. Hij zet het half met water gevulde emmertje naast Vader en neemt de pan mee naar Maria's bedstee. Hij klettert de deuren open en schuift met een ruk de plank opzij die de aardappelkelder onder de bedstee afsluit, en gaat dan op zijn buik voor het gat liggen. Met beide handen graait hij de pan vol met ronde zeeuwse blauwe, schuift met een vaart de plank op zijn plaats, smakt de bedsteedeuren dicht, en zet de aardappelen vlak voor Vader op de tafel.

Wantje is eveneens druk in de weer om de vaat in elkaar te zetten. Terwijl Maria heet water uit de ketel in de teil op het stuk sunlightzeep giet, maakt Wantje vlug de scheuteldoek nat en begint daarmee alvast het afgeruimde gedeelte van de tafel af te wassen.

(Wordt vervolgd)

Deze roman zal binnenkort in boekvorm verschijnen bij Uitgeverij T. Wever in Franeker.

40-Jarig Ambts Jubileum van Ds. G. J. Hoytema

(Vervolg van blz. 6)

gratie verzochten mij om ruim een jaar naar Australië en Nieuw Zeeland te gaan om te helpen bij de instituëring van verschillende gemeenten.

Het was moeilijk voor mij om aan dit verzoek te voldoen. We hadden toen een opgroeiend gezin, en om vrouw en gezin ruim een jaar alleen te laten, leek ons een te zware opgaaf. Toen kwam het verzoek om drie maanden naar Canada te gaan en de immigranten in Zuid West Ontario te bezoeken. Dat verzoek werd ingewilligd en zo kwam ik in Canada. Ik ontmoette toen ook Rev. J. Gritter van London. Na mijn terugkeer in Holland was hij het die mij vroeg of ik een beroep naar Canada in overweging wilde nemen. Nu, we hadden de nood in Canada gezien, en durfden niet te weigeren. Zo kwamen we in 1952 als de eerste beroepen Nederlandse predikant in Canada naar deze streken. Ook hier heeft God het in de gemeenten die we mochten dienen wonderlijk goed gemaakt. In drie van de vier gemeenten hebben we mee leiding mogen geven bij de bouw van een kerk.

Mijn eerste werkterrein was rondom Clinton-Exeter wijd uitgestrekt. Gemeente na gemeente is vanuit Clinton geinstitueerd. Als ze bij het begin gezegd zouden hebben dat na twintig jaar de toestand op kerkelijk en schoolgebied zo zou zijn als het vandaag is, zouden we het niet hebben geloofd. Het is een wonder Gods in onze ogen. Hulde aan de velen die niets bezaten en zo weinig verdienden, maar die met grote trouw hun roeping hebben vervuld. De jeugd van vandaag kan daar alleen maar van leren.

8. Zijn er ook moeilijke tijden geweest tijdens uw ambtsbediening? . . .

We hebben steeds gemerkt dat we leefden in de strijdende kerk. Wat een invloed van satan, van de "wereld" en van de zonde, ook in kerkmensen. Toch was Gods genade steeds groot. Als je spreekt van moeilijke tijden, dan denk ik natuurlijk ook aan de kerkscheuring in de veertiger jaren. Daar was echt geen reden voor. Het is over ons gekomen als een vloed. Het heeft me beroerd tot in het diepst van mijn ziel. Het heeft me tal van slapeloze nachten gekost.

9. Wat zie je eigenlijk vandaag als het meest nodige voor ons kerkelijk leven? . . .

Er moet in de kerk een veel sterker verlangen naar en roepen om de Heilige Geest en Zijn werking komen, zodat de vruchten des Geestes (Gal. 4:22) ook meer openbaar mogen worden, bovenal ook in het elkaar vasthouden met trouw aan Schrift en belijdenis.

De Geest zal ons dan leren dat er binnen het raam van de belijdenis ruimte in de kerk kan zijn. Hij zal ons allen binden aan Christus en aan elkaar.

10. Hoe heeft het veertig jaar staan in het ambt je persoonlijk geloofsleven beinvloed? . . .

Ik heb me hoe langer hoe meer leren verwonderen over Gods grote liefde, dat Zijn handen zo mild, Zijn ogen zo vriendelijk en Zijn hart zo ruim is voor zondaren. Het bijft echter een strijd om dit voor jezelf te aanvaarden. Ik heb dat van mijn vader geërfd: het is vaak te groot om te zeggen — het is ook voor mij. God moet je daar telkens weer toe brengen. Ook dat is van Hem.

11. Heb je nog plannen voor de toekomst?

Ik mag bijna elke zondag nog preken en hoop dit te blijven doen zolang de Here mij gelegenheid er toe geeft. Bovendien ben ik dankbaar dat de Board of Trustees of Calvin College and Seminary mij gevraagd heeft om als hun vertegenwoordiger iets voor "Calvin" in Canada te willen doen. Ik zie daarin een gelegenheid om de eenheid van ons kerkelijk leven te dienen. Mijns inziens zouden b.v. twee opleidingsinstituten voor predikanten die eenheid hopeloos verbreken. De situatie in Nederland in het begin en het midden van deze eeuw is een baken in zee. Uiteindelijk heeft het hebben van twee inrichtingen voor hoger onderwijs een grote rol gespeeld in de scheuring van de kerk. In Nederland waren die twee inrichtingen historisch bepaald en gegroeid. Ik hoop dat we niet onnodig eenzelfde situatie hier in het leven roepen.

12. Hoe zou je dit gesprek willen beëindigen? Wat is je laatste woord? . . .

Ik zou allen die dit interview lezen willen opwekken met mij een lied te zingen op Gods liefde en genade.

* * *

Vol goede moed verliet ik de "pastorie", 636 Lauderdale Ave., London, vastbesloten om toch vooral een rijke Christus voor een arme zondaar te preken, zodat Christus' gemeente kan worden gesterkt in het geloof om "de muren van Jeruzalem te bouwen".

Na zo'n gesprek met een "doorgewinterde" dominee word je warm van binnen en krijg je weer meer liefde voor Christus en Zijn kerk.

Ik hoop dat Ds. Hoytema nog jaren lang door zijn prediking de gemeente mag bouwen in het geloof. Moge de Here hem rijkelijk vertroosten over het verlies van zijn vrouw, die hem zozeer ter zijde stond in al zijn pastorale arbeid in de zeven gemeenten.

J. VanHarmelen.

RAPPORT UIT OTTAWA

Parlementslid dringt aan op directe vluchten van Toronto naar Polen

door NORMAN CAMPBELL,
Parliamentary Press Gallery.

(Canadian Scene) — Er is by de Minister van Transport, Z.E. Donald Jamieson op aangedrongen met Polen te spreken over een directe dienst tussen Warschau en Toronto.

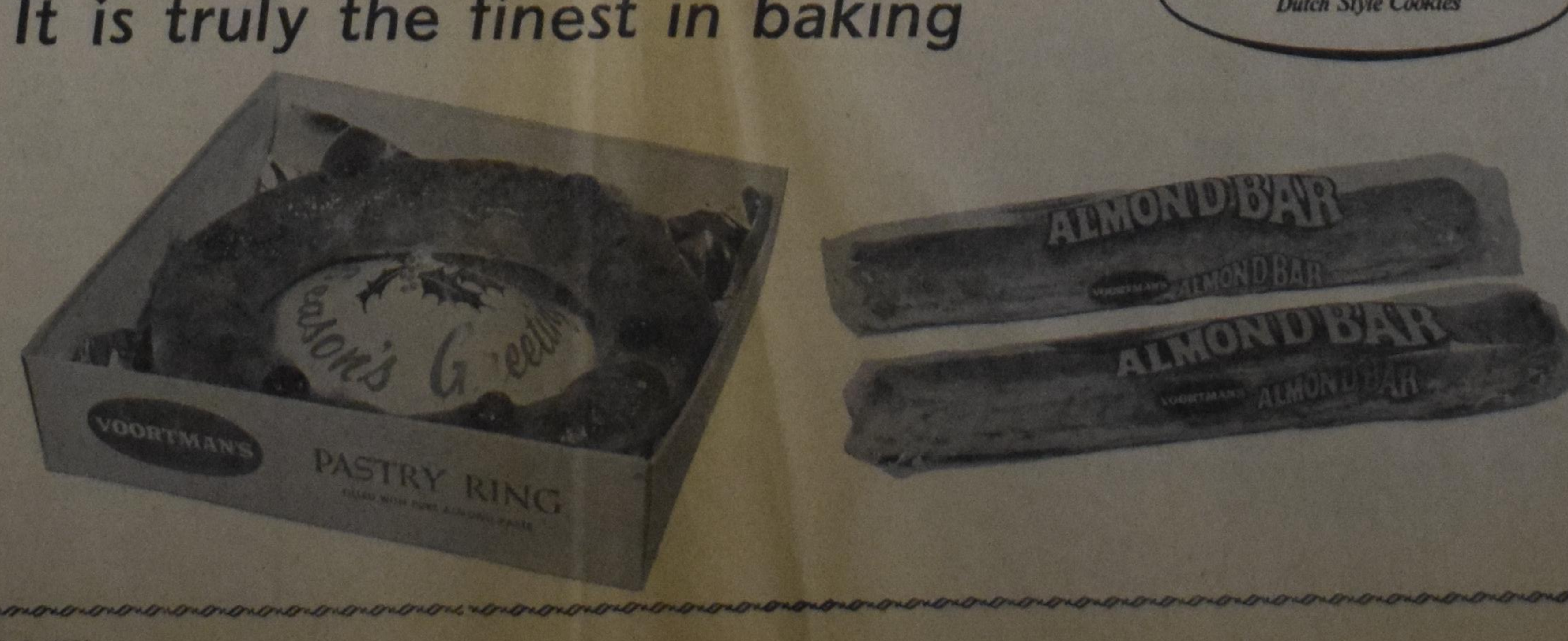
Dr. Stanley Haidasz uit het Toronto-Parkdale kiesdistrict zegt dat dit onderwerp van groot belang is voor Canadezen van Poolse of komst. In een brief aan de heer Jamieson schrijft hij: "In verband met de groeiende belangstelling onder de Canadezen van Poolse afkomst voor een directe luchtverbinding tussen Canada en Polen zou ik het op hoge prijs stellen als de Federale Regering gesprekken kon gaan beginnen met de desbetreffende Poolse autoriteiten. Ik herinner U er aan dat Air Canada diensten onderhoudt met Praag en Moskou — Pan American (een Amerikaanse maatschappij) onderhoudt een dienst met Polen ondanks het feit dat er geen officiële luchtdienst overeenkomst bestaat tussen Polen en de Verenigde Staten."

In de brief wordt gewezen op het feit dat Air Canada via Praag naar Moskou vliegt en Dr. Haidasz vraagt zich af waarom er niet ook in Warschau gestopt kan worden. Hij stelt verder voor om ook chartervluchten naar Warschau te laten organiseren door Air Canada. Op het ogenblik moeten Canadezen die naar Polen reizen eerst naar Frankfort vliegen, waar zij dan overstappen in een toestel van een Poolse overheids lijn.

Dr. Haidasz wil ook een uitbreiding van de rechten van buitenlandse maatschappijen om te mogen landen op de Toronto International Airport. De extra kosten en de ongemakken die verbonden zijn aan het maken van een tussenlanding in Montreal zijn onrechtvaardig, zo gaat de brief verder. Air Canada vliegt op het ogenblik naar Moskou, Praag en Belgrado, in het kader van een overeenkomst met de betrokken landen. Canadian Pacific (CP Air) vliegt naar Zuid-Europa, maar doet daarbij geen communistische landen aan.

Een voordeel van een directe verbinding met Warschau is dat het zou helpen het verlies te verminderen dat Air Canada op het ogenblik lijdt op de diensten naar Moskou. Er zijn veel meer Canadezen, zo meent Dr. Haidasz, die naar Polen willen vliegen dan naar Rusland.





MODERN WAY OF LIFE

"It is very pleasing to satisfy one's own desires, if not in full measure, then at least as much as possible. This very thought is praiseworthy and commendable. To make this come true, everything which appears to be an obstruction has to be done away with."

Eeverything which was not allowed in earlier days has to be made acceptable and lawful now. Consequently the laws, which forbid all things and the norms which are adverse to them, have to be abolished.

The words of the Bible and with it Christianity have to be rejected. The seventh commandment "Thou shalt not commit adultery" has lost its meaning for many people. The practice of fornication is called 'old fashioned'.

The concepts moral and decency have to be changed, for these too are obstructing the completely free way of living, according to one's own desires and lusts. A flood of filthy printed matter and obscene pictures stimulates and promotes the above mentioned directly and indirectly.

The people have been misled by this so-called progress, seeing it as an enlightenment, while it doesn't occur to them that all this at the same time works to stimulate sexual desires, knowing very well what the reality is.

In some countries there have been public brothels for years. Now we are approaching the stage of progress when the whole world could be called one huge brothel!! Alas, this is progress in the wrong direction. That this state of affairs is accepted and applauded by many, perhaps the majority of people, doesn't change the facts a bit. This frightening advance has been going on for years now and the last few years in accelerated tempo. We are racing towards **complete lawlessness.** It doesn't concern only concrete facts, concepts or theses; the main thing is the spirit behind it.

A line drawn along different points in today's development, points distinctly and clearly in the direction of lawlessness! It shouldn't be difficult for the powers that be to see where this trend is leading us. ONE LAW AFTER THE OTHER will be done away with, losing all healthy, good, profitable and organized life in exchange for a completely chaotic existence.

Some wish to live in "sin" with one or more persons of the opposite sex, others prefer a homosexual life. By ignoring all moral norms, there are of course no more moral problems. But woe to the inevitable end! It will all end up in chaos and destruction.

Besides the sexual, there are other desires: the strong inclination to rebel against everything possible! This too, is being encouraged and helped on, all in the name of progress. To make these urges of protesting and rebelling acceptable it is called: democracy! This phrase is occurring more and more: that every man, woman and child has the right to do and say whatever he/she feels or thinks regardless of its effects on others. Nothing must stand in the way.

Freedom is worth fighting for; but not the kind of freedom of living according to one's own sinful desires! This freedom brings about bad results. Men has had plenty of experiences and this will increase then immensely, because of all these wrong ideas and advances in the wrong direction.

According to the modern views on life, things were not as they should have been, but from now on it is supposed to go rapidly in the "right" direction. There was too much Word of God and too many commandments. At last we will be free to commit sin and do as we like.

The prophecies of the Bible will be fulfilled in spite of all the critics of the Bible. A certain person will rise up, who will be known as the Anti-Christ (against Christ). He will be called appropriately: "the Lawless one". The so-called progress is preparing the earth for the coming of this godless person. Those people who have the responsibility of watching over the spiritual and moral development of the nation are following a wicked course! As the time is ripening the one thing after the other is being allowed. In this way the sense of reason **sinks lower and lower.**

That the time is ripe for this so-called progress is easy to understand. When there are enough people who agree that it is about time for another step, it is easy to give in. Either people see very well where it leads to but are too weak to take a stand and so give in bit by bit, or they are so blind that they don't even notice what the score is.

Are you going along silently? If not . . . put up strong resistance!

Translated from Fries Dagblad.

FOR THE CRIME OF GOSPEL PREACHING

AFGHANS JAIL MISSIONARY COLPORTEUR

Butwal, Nepal (EP) — A Swedish missionary has been held captive by Afghanistan officials for more than a month, according to veteran missionaries in North India.

The crime of Karl Arne Nilsson, according to the informant, was distributing Christian literature in Muslim Afghanistan where Christianity is an outlawed religion.

The missionary actually works in Pakistan but had crossed the border into Afghanistan with his family on a short holiday. He was arrested late in July according to the Swedish Baptist Mission in India.

Swedish diplomats have been working to free the missionary but he was still in custody early in September.

Stationed in Quetta, West Pakistan, Nilsson has worked with Muslims for some time. Missionary colleagues said he was "no novice" and should have known that fanatical Muslim extremists in Afghanistan would put pressure on local authorities to have him arrested.

Several Christians have been killed in Afghanistan during the last few years and Christian evangelism has not been permitted in the nation for centuries. Friends of Nilsson said that they couldn't understand how Nilsson could actually attempt to distribute Christian literature knowing that it was against the law. He is now in his "second or third" term on the mission field, his associates said.

The prisoner's wife and children were not arrested but were allowed to remain in Afghanistan pending sentence by a Muslim court. Mission authorities hope that Nilsson will only be deported rather than sentenced to a further term of imprisonment. He is now being held under house arrest in Kabul, capital of Afghanistan.

A number of countries in Southern Asia besides Afghanistan have laws against Christians including Burma, Nepal, Sikkim and some Indian states.

—Billy Bray of NEWSASIA,
Bangkok, Thailand.



ALBERTA BEAR SCANS A SCENE NEAR LAKE LOUISE — Every famous resort has one unique point of interest and Banff is no exception — it is the town garbage dump! There, safe in cars or standing on the edge of a hill, visitors are delighted with the antics of foraging bears as they come from all directions for their evening meal. (Calgary Herald Photo)

Public Worship

Is worship dried formality
Undressed of real vitality?
Is it a boring, tedious game
called: "Public worship in Christ's Name?

Am I a pharisee, a fake,
Conforming for tradition's sake
When Sunday after Sunday I
go twice to church. Do I **know** why?

Why sit I here, for I feel not
confronted with a **Living** God.
Is my dull gaze reflective part
of my impassive, empty heart?

I scan the pews, if I may trace
one genuinely eager face.
One face that may reflect to me
the Gospel's **Power** and **Melody**. . . .

Immune, untouched I sit; I hear.
Words . . . phrases float into my ear. . . .
But where's the **thrill** — the **impact** — **Sword** —
inspiring Power of that Word?

The Power to break the pharisee,
the hypocrite, the fool in me. . . .
The Power to make me see "the other"
for **His** sake as my sister, brother.

The Power to pry my inner sense . . .
exposing each untrue pretense.
The Power to trim, prune, strip me clear
from worthless things I hold too dear.

The Power to make my restless soul
feel free . . unloaded . . sin-cleansed . . whole . .
as if I feel Christ say to me:
"you have been healed by touching Me". . . .

. . . I wonder, rising from my seat
if preachers feel the same defeat. . . .

. . . I pain myself, as I file out:
"What is **TRUE** worship all about?"

. . . When home, I questionably review:
"Is it the pulpit or the pew?"

. . . In my complexity I probe. . . .
"We **all** need touch the Master's robe!!"

O Spirit, make that Word sound New!
Give us rebirth! **Pulpit** and **Pew**!

Trudy Joldersma.

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A subscription to *CALVINIST-CONTACT* is an appreciated present for Christmas



HE AUTHORED MORE THAN 20 BOOKS

RUDOLF VAN REEST

CONTEMPORARY DUTCH AUTHOR

An interview

by Cor W. Barendrecht

Rudolf van Reest never thought he would become a writer of novels when he was a young man. His great ambition was to become a journalist, and when in 1919 he became the editor of an area newspaper in the Dutch province of Zeeland, he found his wish fulfilled. He remained there for 25 years.

Now the author is 72 years old and has more than 20 books to his name, some which earned him prizes for literature in The Netherlands. He lives in his retirement home in Leusden, Utrecht, which he had built according to American specifications. The Rotterdam-born author has no intentions of writing another book. After a lifetime of writing novels and biographies, he has returned to his first love: journalism.

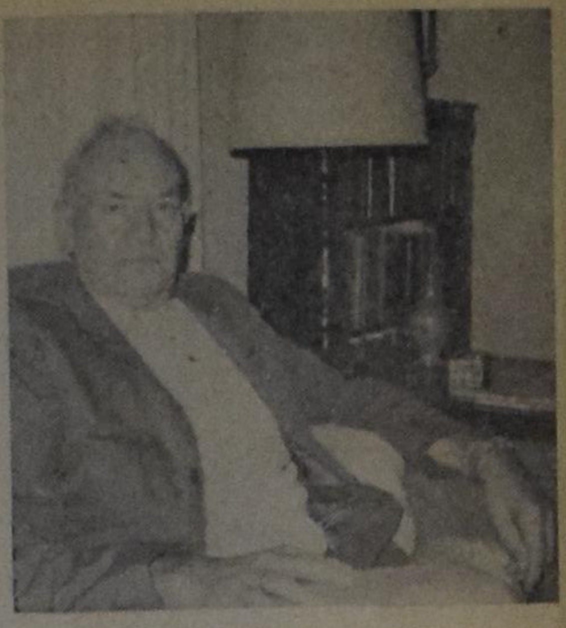
In between these two periods in his life lies an era of productive writing. Van Reest's living among the Zeeland people allowed him first hand observations of the unhealthy mysticism which dominated the life of many Zeelanders. His first novel was born from a need to vent his feelings about the false mysticism which had little to do with the genuine Reformed, healthy life style which Van Reest had known during his youth in Rotterdam, and to which he remained faithful in his new surroundings. **Sheep Without Shepherd** became his "exhaust-vent", as he puts it. The novel contains not only masterly developed characterization, but also has the specific purpose to influence and possibly change the unhealthy atmosphere which the Zeeland mystics breathed.

His marriage to Miss M. Taal greatly influenced his career as a writer. When in 1931 the publisher Daamen of The Hague issued a contest to novelists, Mrs. Van Reest encouraged her husband to enter the contest with his novel. "You can do it," she told him, "I know you can." The author, who believed his wife in spite of his objections, was persuaded and as is the custom in The Netherlands for an author entering a contest, he needed a pseudonym. The name posed a problem for the writer, who explained that the purpose of the pseudonym was to prevent prejudice among the judges. He couldn't think of any name other than the one with which he was baptized: K. C. van Spronsen.

Again his wife brought counsel. She said, "It should be Rudolf van Reest," and by that name the reading world would get to know the author of some 36 novels, novelettes, and biographies, as well as a literary history of Christian writers. Van Reest himself grew accustomed to the aliterative name and throughout his life he enjoyed the anonymity.

It was a pleasure to visit the author who leisurely related the background stories of some of his novels as he sat on the living-room couch in the home of his friend, the Reverend Mr. Andrew Petter, himself the author of a book on Biblical characters, and translator of a number of German and Dutch books. At 72 Van Reest is not an old man. He thinks young, remembers most of the contemporary Dutch authors which he met, and graciously forgets those which he does not see eye to eye with.

As I introduce myself, he remembers a poet by the same name who, he said, "wrote some good poetry in the thirties". I asked



Rudolf van Reest relaxes in the home of the Rev. Andrew Petter in Grand Rapids, whose guest he was during his third visit to America.

★

him about the other writers of the time, about the contemporaries which we used to read. Van Reest knew them all personally: Vander-Stoep, Achterberg, Ietswaard, De-Bruin, Van Randwijk, Mulder, Gerritsen, De Merode, Wilma, Hendrika Kuiper Van Oort. I asked him about a critic and reviewer whose name I remembered from **De Rotterdammer**; Rijnsdorp — yes, he knew even him well. I asked him about Risseeuw, who also wrote on immigrant life. Yes, he knew him also; he passed away just a few years ago. I remembered, as I visited Holland at the time of Risseeuw's death, and his friend and my pastor friend, Dr. C. Gilhuis of The Hague, remembered him in his evening sermon. I will not easily forget that sermon and sometimes wish that the minister would have written it down — something which he with the busy workweek and the large congregation had not done for many years.

The conversation gets back to Van Reest's own work, when I ask him how readers reacted to his work. The author smiles with amusement as he thinks of the letters he received from readers of his novels.

"There was one novel," he said, "which brought more letters to my mailbox than any other thing I have ever written. It was **De Samaritaan**, a story about a manager of a gas-production plant, who climbs the gas container and finds his death falling from the height. One lady wrote me that I should have let him marry a good looking young woman; she thought the story did not have a very happy ending."

There were others, Though the novel dealing with the Zeeland mysticism went through several prints in a short period of time and was generally recognized as an outstanding literary work, the Zeelanders themselves never really liked it. Some saw in the characters people they knew, or thought to know. Little did they know that a novelist's characters aren't made that way; he draws from many different people whom he may or may not actually have met, and he spins his larger-than-life sized people in the web of the story. If readers identify with one or more of the characters, it only means that the author has done his characterization well, that he has made his people believable for the reader.

"The writer in the Netherlands cannot live off his work," says the author, "not even today." In the struggle of survival Van Reest needed to keep the position of editor for a number of publishers, among which was Bosch & Keuning in Baarn.

The Second World War posed a unique problem for the Dutch authors. The **Kultuurkamer**, controlled by the N.S.B., forbade all book publishing by authors who did not belong to the institution created by the nation's enemy of that time. Though some authors, in order to survive, joined the **Kultuurkamer**, Van Reest refused. Secretly, he kept on writing. His book, **De trouw der kleine luyden**, was written between 1940-45, but not published until after the war was over. Facing the threat of being caught, the author's wife took the finished manuscript, hidden between her clothes, to the publisher Bosch & Keuning. We talked some more about writing in general, and as a point of interest I asked Rudolf van Reest about the tradition of Christian literary art in the Netherlands. "The question, I suppose, is, What is Christian art?", he says. In the thirties there was quite some discussion about that very subject in Holland." If you ask me, it is not necessarily a Christian **tendenz** type of writing, but the **art of a Christian**. If an author is truly a Christian, his work will be Christian. And to such an author, I say: Go ahead and write away..." There are no limits for the art of a Christian other than the limits implied in being a Christian.

Van Reest admits that especially his earlier works are **tendenz-romans**. They are the result of an inner struggle evoked by the external stimulus of the false mysticism which he dreaded and fought for 25 years. Certainly these novels are valuable not only in the light of a literary development in history, but also as a genre in themselves. They are, Van Reest states, however, not necessarily literary art; not written for the beauty of the word, not for aesthetic enjoyment. He is not averse to that kind of art, in fact he admires it and hopes to see more art which is the art of a Christian.

As I leave the hospitable home of the Rev. and Mrs. Petter in Grand Rapids, I have the feeling as if I just have met someone whose name will long be remembered as an author who wrote from a struggle and from a conviction which rang true to thousands of his readers, and which still echoes today in the provinces of The Netherlands.

I also parted with someone I wished I had met earlier in my life. Now, as I am collecting his works, I know a little more about the human being who struggled with his work as any writer does and can appreciate.

SOME BOOKS AND NOVELS BY RUDOLF VAN REEST

- Elly
- Gebondenen
- Schaper zonder Herder
- Die van verre staan
- Glaskultuur
- 't Verloren vaderland
- Zeemolest
- Biographie H. Colijn 1937
- Biographie Bilderdijk 1940: "Een onbegrijpelijk mens".
- De trouw der kleine luyden
- Het loon der genade
- De andere wereld
- De zoon
- Dichterschap en profetie (4 volumes)
- Opdat zij allen één zijn, (biographie K. Schilder).
- Vergeefse vlucht (emigrantenroman)
- De doorbroken cirkel (Indianenverhaal)
- De wilde Christen
- De braambos (2 volumes)
- De kleine luyden van '86
- Van kust tot kust
- De Samaritaan.

Young Writers

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Gone with the wind and the waves

By Paula Benjamins.

The wind howled as it hit the weather-beaten sides of the aged lighthouse. Just one solitary warning against the treacherous rocks which waited, ready to sink any ship. The paint was blistered, the wooden stairs creaked, and the one desolate ray of light shone out across the bleak roaring sea.

The wind beat on. Angry waves lapped the dark night searchingly. Ah! At last the hungry sea found its prey. Delightedly the waves tossed and toyed with a small, helpless fishing fleet, caught in the midst of the storm.

The three fishermen, on board the tiny boat, clung nervously to the frail sides of the dory. Their faces were drawn and white. They exchanged frightened glances.

Rain began to fall, cold, wet, stinging the scarred faces of the men. A streak of lightning flashed through the sky as a crash of thunder shook every bone in the bodies of the endangered fishermen. One of the men quickly pulled his rainhat down, close to his eyes, for protection from the blinding sleet.

All movements were made in haste for fear that the men would lose their grip on the only support they had — the boat and each other.

One of the fishermen, Old Bob Hanley, had worked these mighty waters for forty-eight years. He had been a boy of only twelve years when he began his rough career. Only once before had he been caught in an electrical storm, but at that time Bob had been a strong young man. Now his arms were thin and wrinkled, weakened with age.

Will Harris, another crew member, was a youth who had just begun to learn the ways of the fishing trade. Scared-stiff he sat close to the side of the boat. Only Will's eyes moved as he discovered and experienced in full reality the perils involved when working the ever oppressing sea.

At his side was seated his father, a stout, middle-aged man who to Will was the most admirable fisherman of all time. A deep bond of love stood between father and son.

Now all three men remained strangely silent as impetuous waves screamed terroristic threats at them from all sides.

The storm, ever enclosing upon the crew, gave Will an overwhelming desire to scream. He opened his mouth but as he did so his throat tightened and the short muffled sound was lost by a sudden deafening crack of thunder.

The dory in which the men were seated belonged to Old Hanley. He had used it when his reckless career first began. At that time it had been the best and newest model around. Through the years it had taken considerable beating but had always come through for him. Now the knowledge that it would not hold out too much longer gave the fishermen an uneasy feeling.

The calamitous waves increased their speed and force. The night grew steadily darker. The wind blew with it a chill that reached the very depths of each man. It seemed the night would go on forever.

As a flash of lightning lit the air, Will noticed his father looking earnestly up at the sky. His blue eyes were as dark as the water and they had a pleading look. His moving lips mumbled a short, silent prayer and his trembling hands lay folded in his lap.

Just then a mighty lightning bolt brightened the water for a few seconds. Will felt a spring of water surge up, wetting his cold feet. The boat had sprung a leak.

Quickly he beckoned to his father. Will was surprised to see his father looking so calm as he stuffed a thick piece of cloth, torn from his pant leg, into the hole in the bottom of the boat. They soon discovered that this was not the only hole. The water bore its way through several passages. Will knew it was no use trying to fill all the holes. Old Hanley's boat had reached its end.

The floor began tearing. Old Hanley jumped to his feet, grasped one of the boards fastened to the side of the vessel, and began ripping it off. Will's father followed Old Hanley's example and handed the first loosened board to Will. Without a word Will accepted the board, waited till his father and Old Hanley each had one, then ensued them out of the sinking remains of the fishing fleet. He cringed as the cold, icy water clutched his body at fill furce. The board was held so tight in his hands that small, red half-moons showed clearly on his finger-nails. The night air was thick, and Will, gasping for breath, was sure he would suffocate.

The blackness of the night hid his father and Old Hanley from view. Suddenly a deep pang of loneliness pierced Will's heart, here floating along with the tide. A feeling of panic gripped him when he heard a faint cry. He listened for it to sound again. He stiffened. That was his father's voice. Wildly, Will plunged in that direction. A hundred little thoughts swam through his head as he strove onward, fighting the now somewhat calmer current. Finally, after what seemed hours, Will's hand touched his father's head.

Immediately the sky and sea lighted up. The icy waves appeared to be on fire. Will fell back, aghast. The merciless sea, right to its very horizons, was lit in a blaze of glory. The light allowed him to see his father who by this time had entered a new world. The body floated lifelessly before Will's eyes.

He would have screamed but the look in his father's eyes stopped him. They were so peaceful looking. Never before had he looked so restful.

Will floated away from his father's body in a trance, whose facial features were still clearly imprinted on his mind. There was something beautiful in the way his father had lain there. A beauty unknown to Will's eyes before.

A frightening sense of reality feverishly caught him. His father was gone. He was gone and would never come back. This salty graveyard had destroyed their happy relationship.

The tide, once again gaining full force, washed him toward the slowly nearing shore. The early morning sun already beginning to rise was a deep crimson in colour, lighting the sky to a rich purple, promising a glorious day but casting a dark, grey shadow across Will's memory.

Three days later, in a small town hospital bed, Will regained consciousness for the first time since the storm. When at 4:00 a.m. he opened his eyes slowly, he was not really aware of the doctors and nurses at his side who were helping him fight for his life. He was too dopey to realize where he was. His vision blurred and he sank into a deep sleep. He was conscious for only a few seconds but still it was a hopeful sign towards improvement.

The hours dragged by. Will lay quietly on his bed. At about 10:00 a.m. he began moving. He tossed and turned, mumbling words which were never to be understood. His entire body throbbed with a dangerous fever.

Suddenly he began kicking frantically. "Dad! Dad!" he yelled, "I'm coming Dad." He screamed and fought, pounding the bed with his fists. Then he threw himself forward, stretched out his arms as of trying to grab something. Doctors rushed in and struggled violently to hold him down. Will gave one short scream and fell back into the doctor's arms. The tension left his body. His limbs went limp. The fire in his eyes flickered and went out.

The room was quiet. No one spoke or moved until finally one doctor gravely laid a sheet over the dead body.

Beside the bed sat and old man, his head bowed to hide the pain and tears. He looked painfully wise as he raised his weak weather beaten hands to hold the wax-like fingers of the young boy.

That old man was Hanley. The oldest but wisest of the three, he had clung to the drifting board with his arms full length holding onto the only promise of life he had. When the storm began dying down Hanley lay flatly on the board with his entire body. This helped him to stay afloat without putting too much pressure on just his arms. By sunrise the water had washed him onto the shore of a small island. Here he lay, exhausted and sickly cold.

Nearby neighbouring boys noticed Hanley that morning as they were going fishing. They got help and Hanley was carried to the boys' home. He was given food and a bed, for which he was thankful. A village doctor checked him over and sent him to a hospital for rest.

That same day Will had been found on a sandy beach and was also admitted to a hospital. Hanley heard over the radio about Will's safety and though no description or identification was given he could feel in his heart that that was Will. Immediately, Hanley asked to be transferred to the hospital where Will was.

Hanley sat at Will's side day in, day out, begging the nurses to let him stay even nights, but to no avail. He waited and hoped until the final moment.

Now two more have passed into eternity. Two lives among thousands swallowed by the sea. Gone from friends and family, leaving behind a trail of undying memories.

Now, as the intern wheeled Old Hanley away, the morning light fell heavily upon a pair of sad blue eyes, set amidst a sea of wrinkles, each wrinkle engraved by another of life's curses.

PREPARING THE MANUSCRIPT

Type (if possible) or write legibly, on 8½ x 11 inch paper. Double space; use only 1 side of numbered pages. State: Name, address, Title of work, school level or profession, and age, at right top of first page. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

Joyful Journey

Late in the afternoon of a beautiful day in the early summer of 1971 we found ourselves amid the hustle and bustle of Toronto's International Airport. It was teeming with people, most of whom seemed to be in a hurry, or at least slightly agitated. The seasoned travellers, mostly businessmen, could easily be recognized. Brief-case in hand, all-weather coat nonchalantly over the arm, they headed straight for the right desk.

Since ours was a charter-flight, we did not have any difficulty to find the place where we were expected to assemble. It was an extra busy corner of the Terminal where a pervasive air of shared anticipation kept us apart a bit from other passengers. Gladly, I let my husband attend to the formalities while I surrendered to a warm feeling of happy excitement.

The long and busy weeks of preparing for this trip had finally come to an end. Now we were about to leave for the Old Country. I looked at our son Billy who was to come with us and therefore considered to be the luckiest fellow alive. He was completely wrapped up in his attention for a huge jet-liner ready to head for the runway.

The thought of leaving his brother and sisters behind suddenly did not trouble me anymore. I knew them safely tucked away with friendly families. What mattered now was the fact that within the next eight hours or so we would meet our loved ones back home and re-discover the country in which we were born and raised.

We entered the airplane. Finding the seats designated for the three of us, while all the time hearing people talk and exclaim excitedly in our native tongue was an adventure in itself.

Greedily we scanned the latest edition of a familiar Dutch newspaper, only to discard it again for other interesting things to see and to experience.

The engines seemed ready for take-off. The airplane began to move, still bound to the earth. The feeling of its wheels still turning on solid ground was somehow reassuring. The buildings of the airport rapidly disappeared in the distance and through the small windows the wide open spaces surrounding the runway came into sight.

A hush fell over the passengers when as in an effort to gather all their strength, the engines roared yet louder. We held our breath until we found ourselves in the skies, soaring higher like an eagle. For a brief moment the silence among the passengers lingered on. Then the tension broke and everyone started to point out familiar landmarks.

"Look! That must be Highway 401. Aren't those cars tiny? There's Lake Ontario. See that freighter . . . hand me my camera, quick!"

I felt content to lean back in the easy chair and to be waited on by the friendly stewardesses or to listen to the excited chatter of father and son beside me.

When it was my turn to sit by the window, I watched an occasional cloud lazily drifting by. I saw how the stars seemed to be turned on one by one. Soon the earth was enveloped in darkness while here and there tiny man-made lights made a futile attempt to overcome the blackness of night.

I tried to sleep, pretending the monotonous humming of the engines to be a lullaby. But who can sleep while having so unique an experience?

I looked outside again. Slowly, but very sure of herself, the new day appeared at the horizon. Silently, I thanked the Lord for letting me see His handiwork from a different angle. The words of Psalm Eight had never seemed more meaningful to me than now.

"What is man that Thou doest care for him?" Indeed, who was I to know such exhilarating joy? The answer was simple, yet very hard to grasp: the God Who created the universe was also my Father in Jesus Christ. Imagine, having the Almighty for a Father! Again a warm glow of excitement, this time mixed with a feeling of security, came over me as I mused on the thought.

From the tiny area deftly called kitchen, came the fragrance of freshly perked coffee. There came a stirring among the passengers as they began to stretch their legs a bit.

Steadily the airplane plowed away the miles, bringing us closer and closer to our destination.

Suddenly I became restless too. I wondered aloud who would all be there to meet us. Billy wanted to know the names of his cousins again. From the pressure in my ears I knew that we were descending already. Over the P.A.-system came the voice of our Captain. He addressed us in Dutch and told us that the weather in Holland appeared to be good.

I had visions of Amsterdam waking up in the early morning-hour with the sun shining through open windows where sheets and blankets were hanging over the sills.

The Captain also assured us that it wouldn't be long anymore before touch-down. A prayer for a safe landing must have risen from many a heart.

The breakfast dishes were cleared away.

The airplane dove into the clouds.

Silence again. Seatbelts were fastened and one of the stewardesses came by to see whether anybody was still nervously smoking a cigarette. Her calm smile had a soothing effect.

Then, with a start and at the same moment, we all became aware of what we saw: Holland.

The shoreline, a city. Neat, very neat, straight lines of canals and of farmland cut into tiny pieces.

A lump in our throat.

The runway.

Wheels seeking and finding their way on solid, familiar ground again.

Thank You, God.

Half an hour later.

Laughter, tears. Talking insignificant things.

"Say, the sun is shining!"

"Yeah, how about that. Here's the car, come on, let's go."

Who could yet utter the inner feelings which were still safe below the surface?

Driving the supposedly familiar way home was another experience. Growing towns and villages had claimed once fertile fields.

"Look Billy, there's a windmill. See those children on their bikes? That's how they go to school here."

Then, to the man behind the wheel who was my little brother when we left I said: "What happened to that beautiful piece of woodland here?"

He looked puzled. As far as he knew those buildings had been there for years.

We drove into our hometown. I looked at my husband and I knew he felt as relieved as I did since here at least not much had changed. There were the well-known streets and finally, the house. The same good old house. With its friendly bay window, the mass of flowers in the window sill.

Neighbours were looking very pleased, waving and nodding a hearty welcome.

The door closed behind us. Home again. A host of memories welled up for which there was no time.

Coffee with our whole big family.

Happy confusion.

"Ann, this couldn't be your John, or is he?"

"Of course it's him!" and proudly she looked up at the teenager towering over her.

Our parents, a bit older, a bit tired of the commotion, but hovering quietly over their brood which had come flying back to their nest. The carefully prepared album with pictures of their Canadian grandchildren lay like a treasure in their hands.

The next morning we were supposed to sleep in and Billy, in the next room, probably did.

But we were wide awake and I stood at the open window, savoring the sights and sounds which once were a part of my life.

The early morning-breeze gently moved the glass-curtains back and forth. The doorbell rang. Of course, the milkman. And, a bit later, the "groenteboer". I had a fleeting thought of our Canadian supermarkets.

From the street came the nerve-wrecking sound of the motorized traffic. Where oh where had all the plain bicycles gone?

I looked again over the houses in the next street, standing straight in a neat little row. I saw the cluster of backyards, crowded but orderly. A small toolshed here and there, a tiny vegetable patch, a corner of colourful flowers.

A young girl was washing windows. Her strong, bare arms went up and down in rhythmic movement. Her thick blond hair shone like gold in the sunlight.

From the neighbour's yard I heard the coo-ing of doves and the contented cackling of hens.

It was good to be back again.

Alice Los.

Foreign Affairs

One of our subscribers sent the following letter to his Member of Parliament.

Remembrance Day 1971.

Mr. H. G. Chappell, Q.C.,
M.P. for Peel South,
Parliament Buildings,
Ottawa.

Dear Sir:

Today is Remembrance Day. The Canadian Legion flies a flag with the words: "Lest we forget".

I am writing to you because I am afraid that the Federal Government does forget. The speech held by the minister for foreign affairs Mr. Sharp in the U.N. recently, calls for the expulsion of Nationalist China. It should be remembered that Chamberlin agreed to the partition of Czechoslovakia in 1938 hoping to buy "peace for our time". The end result was that more than 40,000 Canadian soldiers lost their lives.

Today, it is thought that "peace" can be had by expelling 14 million Chinese from the U.N. At the same time it should be noted that there is a lot less freedom in mainland China today than there was in Germany of 1938. In Mainland China only Mao's thoughts are allowed and the Gospel of Jesus Christ which makes men free cannot be preached anymore. This in contrast to Taiwan where the Gospel may be freely preached.

About 8 years ago the C.B.C.-T.V. showed a movie-report how the communists took over China. The main feature of this film was the public executions of the private enterprisers. They were brought into the town's square and shot in the back of the head in front of the cameras. It is said that at least 20 million were executed this way and I have read reports quoting 40 million. This movie was repeated several times but it has not been shown lately. I let you guess why. I believe that this movie should be shown at least once a year as long as the mainland Chinese government does not repent publicly as the German government has done. In the meantime the Nationalist Chinese should have a seat in the U.N. on the Basis of the U.N. declaration of Human Rights which states that, "no one shall be compelled to belong to an organization." Nationalist China should remain independent at the very least.

Our foreign policy should not be dictated by China, as it is now, but by the people of Canada. No one can convince me that it was a spontaneous Canadian idea to flush 14 million Chinese down the drain. Mr. Sharp's speech did in no way represent the will of the Canadian people but only the will of Mao and Co. I think that the next election will bear me out on that.

I am requesting a change in foreign policy to such an extent that Natioanlist China obtains a seat in the U.N., and that Canada will always propagate the same freedom for other people of the world as we may at present enjoy ourselves.

Sincerely yours,
M. van der Spek,
Clarkson, Ont.



THE WORLD AROUND US

BRAZIL - Land of Extremes

With her 8,512,000 square kilometres Brazil covers almost half the area of the Sout American continent. Not quite 100 million people live here and this total will double by the year 2000. Right now more than half the inhabitants are ages nineteen or younger. Population growth is more 3 per cent per year. It is a land of tremendous contrasts; the direst poverty exists side by side with the most extravagant luxury. In the Amazone Rover region some Indian tribes still shoot arrows at passenger jets which fly overhead. It is estimated that there are some 150,000 of these people still living in the dense forests surrounding this river. Far to the south is Sao Paulo, a world city with 8 million inhabitants (in 1940 there were only 1½ million where 35,000 industries provide work for almost half the industrial workers of Brazil. Every ten minutes another house is completed and every day the subsidiaries of Ford, Chrysler and Volkswagen add another 300 cars to the already overflowing city with its massive traffic problems.

Once a Portuguese colony where the early colonists instilled the the almost feudal and certainly patriarchal system in their new land, Brazil is rapidly breaking these old bonds although they are still visible in the backward areas of the north. Mixed marriages have provided for a much more flexible society than was the case in the Southern United States. There is really no racial discrimination in Brazil; 11 per cent of the people are black, 61 per cent is white and 28 per cent mixed. It is true that the rich are usually white and the poor often black but this is more due to an economic barrier than a racial one. The country's history is filled with national failures and bankruptcies but each time new discoveries, new agricultural products, or new industries returned the country to its feet. Sugar, gold, diamonds, rubber, coffee have all played their part, and now the wonder of industry (almost always foreign owned) keeps the country rolling.

Unbouded optimism lives side by side with total apathy and despair. The beggars in the streets contrast strangely with the excited government minister who mentions the economic growth rate of ten per cent in the last few years and boasts, "In six years we will have caught up with Italy and in ten years with France". It is true that the economic growth has been phenomenal and that the buying power of the upper and middle classes has increased substantially. But for 70 per cent of the population the reverse was true. The unrest created through this increasing disparity is kept under control by the military chiefs who employ brutal methods to keep the lower classes in their place. The theory of the military junta is that the country must first achieve a technical and economic development before social and political improvements can be made. Enemies of the since 1964 controlling junta point out that radio and film are often available to the poor. They thus know of the prosperity in other parts of the country and other classes of the population; the poor will not accept their position for another two or three generations as the generals planned.

Oppositions to the present regime comes from diverse and ill organized associations. Among others there are the VAR-Palmares, mostly students, the Political Workers, based in Sao Paulo, the Movement for Revolutionary Action, based in Rio de Janeiro, and the Reolutionary People's Front. Many of these organizations are communist inspired or controlled which is used to the fullest by the generals who now blame any opposition to their regime on 'world communism'. Once one is charged with this the chances of getting out of jail are very small indeed.

All the political talk can not blot out the fact that every city is ringed with thousands of shacks wherein millions are forced to live without water or electricity. Forty-five per cent of the people is illiterate, yet the government continues to build specialized institutions of higher learning which are only accessable for one per cent of the population. Cars, parking garages, and super markets for a fraction of the people, handouts for the majority. Much time and effort is spent attracting highly mechanized, and therefore labour saving, foreign industries while millions cannot find sufficient work to buy the daily necessities. There are institutions where doctors can specialize in order to serve the rich better, but in the northeast a mother has to bear ten children if she expects to keep five alive.

In order to maintain the standard of living desired by the middle and upper class it is necessary to attract foreign industry and capital. The government has been quite unwilling to give any information as to the extent of foreign control but the figures published by the Central Bank of Brazil last year speak for themselves. Foreigners (for two-thirds Americans) own 70.2 per cent of the private capital invested in industry, 53.3 per cent of the private capital in commerce and 67.8 per cent of that in transport. In addition American capital controls almost 70 per cent of the Brazilian press, which happily continues to praise (and advertise for) 'the American way of life' with all the results thereof.

The rightist military junta is supported by the high and middle income groups who live in the cities in the south or along the coast. To these people the whole vast northeast sector of the country is like a far away foreign nation. This vast hothouse, the size of France or Spain, contains about 25 million paupers who for decades have had to camp with lack of enough food and every 10 years or so are stricken with a great drought. A feudalistic social system ties these people to their area. Even if they could leave, where would they go? A tar paper shack on the outskirts of a big city is their only alternative.

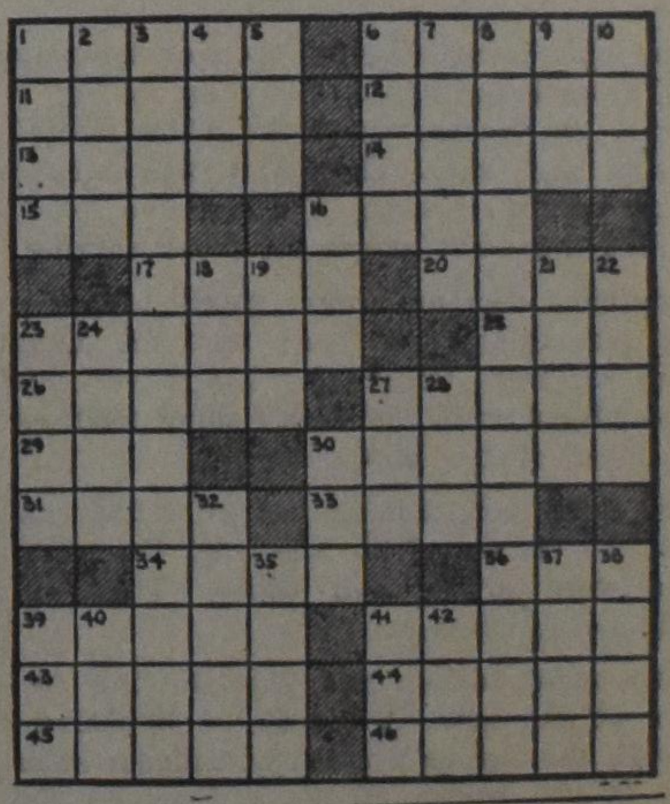
Perhaps there is no solution for Brazil. The small revolutionary groups may long for the day when they can begin to implement Marx's dictum, 'to each according to his need and from each according his ability', but as the examples of Russia, Cuba and Chile have shown the implementation of the dictum tends to run afoul quite easily. That does not mean, however, that the extremes have to be as far apart as they are in Brazil and that a government cannot at least attempt to do something for all its subjects, and not just some.

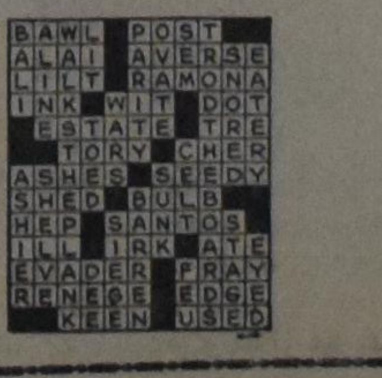
J. J. Bout.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Manhandled
6. Side dish
11. Sphere of activity
12. Unaccompanied
13. Prepared
14. Irascible
15. Sailor
16. Withered
17. Prefix for half
20. Inflection
23. Cake makings
25. Drowse
26. Theater employee
27. Kind of leather
29. Caddoan Indian
30. Diminish
31. City in Calif.
33. Woodsman's tools
34. In the grand style
36. Marching cadence call
39. Ballroom dance
41. Nimble
43. Thespian
44. Kind of code
45. "Beau ——"
46. Aquatic animal

DOWN
1. Separate
2. Region
3. Rules the roost (3 wds.)
4. Terminate
5. Point of time
6. Glut
7. Watchful
8. Go broke: sl. (3 wds.)
9. Emmet
10. Ottoman official
16. Knightly title
18. Summer (Fr.)
19. Mal de ——
21. Knot or knob
22. Paradise
23. Scorch
24. Cruising
27. Question on an application
28. Function
30. Ballad
32. Dialect
35. Sundered
37. Different
38. Equal
39. Children's game
40. High card
41. I love (Lat.)
42. Obtained





SOLUTION
to previous
Crossword Puzzle

CLASSIFIED ADS

Pay your advertisement when you send it in. See our standard-rates below:

Birth announcements .. $4.50

Marriage and Engagement announcements $6.00

Anniversary announcements $7.00

Notifications of death $6.00

"For Sale" and "Want" advertisements up to 25 words $4.00. Every word more 15¢.

—

For "letters under number" $1.00 extra.

Send your payment together with your ad to:

Calvinist-Contact
Box 312, Station B,
Hamilton, Ont.

We praise God Who has entrusted to our care a daughter

ALAÉNA NADINE

on Nov:mber 13, 1971.

Hans & Sylvia Scholten (nee Wiersma).

64 Columbia St. W.,
Waterloo, Ont.

With thanks to the Lord we are happy to announce the premature birth of our daughter and sister

SUSAN GRACE ALISON

on November 19, 1971.

John and Irene De Jong.
Ricky.
Michael.
David.
Robbie.

82 Teal Dr.,
Burlington, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Buwalda, R.R. 5, Sunderland, Ont. are very pleased to announce the forthcoming marriage of their daughter

TESSA JOHANNE

to

Mr. RICHARD TJOELKER

son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Tjoelker of Newmarket, Ont., on the fourth of December 1971 at 7:00 p.m. in the Chr. Ref. Church of Whitby, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. Luink Luinge of Fenwick, Ont. are pleased to announce the forthcoming marriage of their daughter

LONNY

to

Mr. RAYMOND DEVRIES

son of Mr. and Mrs. J. DeVries, the Lord willing on Friday the tenth of December, nineteen hundred and seventy-one at four o'clock in the Christian Reformed Church of Wellandport, Ont.

Rev. J. B. Tangelder officiating.

Future address:
Wellandport, Ont.

The Lord willing, On Saturday, December 18, 1971, at 7.00 p.m. our daughter

JEANNE

will be united in marriage to

GARY TE SLIGTE

son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Te Sligte of Blenheim, Ontario, in the First Christian Reformed Church of Chatham, Ontario.

The Revs. J. Van Weelden and J. Van Oostveen officiating.

Future address:
R.R. 3, Blenheim, Ontario.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Holwerda.

Mr. & Mrs. T. DeLange of Brantford, Ont. are pleased to announce the forthcoming marriage of their oldest daughter

THEODORA

to

Mr. ARTHUR DEGROOT

son of Mr. & Mrs. J. DeGroot of Sarnia, Ont.

The wedding will take place D.V. Thursday, December 23, 1971 at 4:00 p.m. in the First Christian Reformed Church of Sarnia.

Rev. H. Getkate officiating.

Future address:
1105 Lake Shore Rd., Sarnia, Ont.

Barneveld Lethbridge
1931 November 26 1971

With thankfulness to the Lord we celebrated with our parents and grandparents

DIRK A. DE KLERK

and

AAGJE DE KLERK-BLOM

their 40th wedding anniversary.

We thank and praise the Lord for the many happy years He has kept us together as a family and may God be near to them also in the years to come. This is the wish of their children and grandchildren.

Ina & Robert Span, Lethbridge.

Annie & Pete Wolters, Keswick, N.B.

Rita & Joe Tarnava, Lethbridge.

Elly & Henry VanderBerg, Calgary.

Wilhelmina & Henry Konynenbelt, Nobleford.

Jannie de Klerk, Geneve.

Arie & Martha de Klerk, Edmonton.

Dick de Klerk & Carolyn, Edmonton.

Jake de Klerk, Toronto.

Corrie de Klerk, Lethbridge.

1931 — 1971

On December 7, 1971, the Lord willing, we will celebrate with our parents and grandparents

JACOB DE JONG

and

NELLIE DE JONG-VAN DORP

the happy occasion of their 40th wedding anniversary.

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow.

Nellie & Harry Romyn, Emo, Ontario.

Jeanette & Don Van Heyst, Brandon, Manitoba.

Jake & Gerda De Jong, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Mrs. Carol De Jonge, Kitchener, Ontario.

Harold & Joanne De Jonge, Lupwe, Nigeria.

Allen & Tena De Jonge, Terrace, B.C.

David & Maureen De Jonge, Listowel, Ontario.

Open House at the Devlin Community Hall on Friday, December 10, 1971 at 8:00 P.M.

Home address:
R.R. 2, Devlin, Ontario.

Thankful to Jehovah, the Giver of Life, we joyfully announce the 40th wedding anniversary of our parents and grandparents

PETERMAN GROOT

and

YTJE GROOT-NIEROP

on December 17th, 1971.

We thank and praise the Lord for the many happy years. He has kept us together as a family and may God be near them also in the years to come. This is the wish of their children and grandchildren. Psalm 91:1.

Smithers, B.C.:
Dick and Hennie Groot, Richard, Arlene, Linda, Stanley, Carol.

Smithers, B.C.:
Ida and Art Huisman, Ida, Ronald, Annie, Peter, Nancy.

Smithers, B.C.:
Norman and Alida Groot, Rosalie, Kenneth, Edwin, Kathleen.

Smithers, B.C.:
Johanna and John Huisman, Evelyn, Roger.

Terrace, B.C.:
Arthur and Gloria Groot.

Smithers, B.C.:
John Groot.

Address:
Scotsman Motel,
490 Gorge Rd. East,
I A Highway,
Victoria, B.C.

On Sunday, December 5, 1971 we hope to celebrate with our parents and grandparents

JOHN GERRYTS

and

JOANNE GERRYTS-HULSHOF

their 30th anniversary.

We thank the Lord that He has spared them for each other and for us and pray that He will continue to bless them.

Their thankful children and grandchildren.

George & Wenda Gerryts, David, Barbara and Bobby, Wellandport, Ont.

Bill and Margaret Gerryts, Richard and Carol, Wellandport, Ont.

Lena and John Evers, Smithville, Ont.

Jake and Nancy,
Henry and Dini,
John.

R.R. 3, Wellandport, Ont.

"O give thanks unto the Lord for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever." - Psalm 106:1

On Friday, December 17, 1971, the Lord willing, we hope to celebrate with our parents and grandparents

KLAAS (CLARENCE) TERPSTRA

and

TJITSKE (JESSIE) TERPSTRA-ELLENS

their 25th wedding anniversary.

We thank our great God for his care and ever abiding love and pray that he may grant them continued health and happiness together in years to come.

Helen and Thea Postma, Jason and Kelly, R.R. # 3, Campbellville, Ont.

At home:
Mett.
Peter.
John.
Andy.

Open house will be held on Friday, December 17, 1971 from 7:30 p.m. till 9:30 p.m. at home: Line 9, R.R. #1,

Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario.

(Replacement)

On October 31, 1971 the Lord took unto Himself our dearly beloved son, stepson, brother and stepbrother

ALFRED RALPH ATTEMA,

age 17 years.

The knowledge that he is with his Lord and Saviour is our comfort.

Mr. & Mrs. A. J. Stolte
Frank
Albert
Theresa
Ena
Dorothy
Peter
Mr. & Mrs. Orval Abma
Mr. & Mrs. Bill Stolte
Mae
Arnold
George
Allan

Blackfalds, Alberta.

On November 22, 1971 it pleased the Lord to take unto Himself, His child our beloved wife, mother and grandmother

BONTJE ASKES-KEMPER,

at the age of 51 years, wife of Jan Askes.

"I am the resurrection, and the life: He that believeth in Me, though he were dead yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall not die."
St. John 11:25-26

Wingham, Ontario:
Dick and Dixie (Richard John)
Henry and Bertha
Jennie and Sipke Bakker
Bert
Dianne
John
Martin
Bonnie

By dezen willen we allen, die hun medeleven getoond hebben bij het overlijden van mijn geliefde man, onze vader an grootvader

MARINUS OTTEN

hartelijk danken.

Uit aller naam:
Mrs. M. Otten.

Durham Christian High School invites applications for a

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POWER LIES IN CHRIST, NOT IN NUMBERS

Excerpts of the Keynote Address
Annual Membership Meeting C.C.F.

Again and again I've seen it. Every part of the province has them. Every district — no matter how prosperous — has them.

And you have seen them too: The farms of years gone by, tall grass growing up to the front door of the house. Boards missing on the barn, roofs that dip in the middle, their backs ready to break in the next wintery storm.

I've seen one silo with an obvious wiggle in its middle as it reaches for the sky.

What's happened to those farms?

Ten, twenty, thirty, fifty, a hundred years ago men and women sweated to build those farms. They laboured long hours to put those buildings together. The spent years — uprooting trees, picking stones, destroying weeds, sowing grass and grain, planting fruit trees, and building fences.

Later they spent hours plowing, sowing, reaping, tending the animals, filling drafty cracks, repainting the trimming, nailing down a loose board, replacing the cracked glass, and mowing the lawn.

But today!

Grass is a foot high in front of the door. Rain pours in through the broken glass. Barn boards wave in the breeze. Paint is blistering from the trimming. The porch has collapsed. The big barn doors won't open. Apples rot on the trees. The fences are straining with their last bit of strength to hold back the slow but steady movement of shrubs back across the one-time pasture fields.

When you visit one of those farms and struggle to find your way around through the weeds and the last remnants of long-discarded machinery — you sense something eerie.

Somewhere, down there under the rubble lie the sweaty efforts of those who have gone before us.

But why? After all that labour is that farm going back to the wild? Why?

The farmer is gone! Perhaps he moved to the city. Perhaps he went to meet his Maker. Perhaps he just moved on. Whatever the reason — he's gone!

There's no-one there to mend the buildings. There's no-one there to till the soil or destroy the weeds. There's no-one there to care for the farm.

A farm is nothing without a farmer; a farm is nothing without someone there; without someone to care for it or someone to toil on it, without someone to cherish it, or someone to sweat on it, without someone to love it — a farm is nothing.

Farms exist because you are farmers. You are the power that puts life into a farm. It is your life that makes a farm what it is,

It is Christ's life that makes the Christian Farmers Federation what it is. Christ is the power that puts life into this federation. This organization exists because Christ is its founder.

If Christ did not care for it, or toil for it through His Spirit. If Christ did not cherish it or shed His blood for it, if Christ did not love it — this organization would be nothing.

I think again of those farms all across our province that are returning to the wild.

Could it be that they didn't make it because they weren't big enough?

No!

You'll find them of every size: 100 acres, 10-room house, a barn 60 x 40; 25 acres, 6-room house, a barn 120 x 50; 300 acres, 12-room house, a barn 40 x 30. The size doesn't kill them, the farmer is gone!

And so it is with the Christian Farmers Federation. We are what we are — because Jesus Christ is here. He is here today. He is uprooting the trees — those monstrous growths of secular humanistic thinking that have infected our minds. He is picking the stones — those stubborn thoughts of ours that leave no room for new ideas.

He is destroying the weeds — those selfish desires that lead us to strangling our neighbour in our efforts to grow bigger and be more important.

He is laying a firm foundation here today. He is sowing ideas on how each of us can live from day to day as Christian farmers. He is planting convictions here that will spread into every area of our lives.

He is building unity among us.

In the years to come, he will plow some of us under only to turn up a new generation. He will sow more powerful ideas among us. He will receive our praises.

He'll watch over us. He'll fill our needs with unexpected blessings. He'll repaint our structure to protect us from the erosion of time. He'll nail down those loose ends that we can't reach. He'll replace our worn-out ideas with new ones. He'll mow our pride to teach us our humble place on earth.

The Lord is here today. Just look at what He has done:

He has given us a foundation — the sure word of God. He has given us leaders with insight into agriculture and into life as a whole.

Today we have had an opportunity to share our insights into the dairy industry. Today we have again faced up to the difficulties that we have with vertical integration. An urgency is growing among us that something must be done to save the family farm from corporate integrated enterprise.

Our convictions have deepened today. We have faced again the question: "What should be the role of government in agriculture?" Just what does Romans 13 mean when we discuss the regulations in the market place?

Our governments have a role in agriculture. They must punish those who use their power or rights unjustly. They must protect the weak from the strong. In this context controls become necessary and just. In this context government action against vertical integration is necessary.

Let me now leave you with one more thing to think about.

There is in our society a growing frustration — a frustration with the meaninglessness of work and life. Many young people, especially the educated ones — are looking for meaningful work; but they can't find any. You know the results; they drop out of society.

You are farmers. You have a tremendous blessing; — a meaningful way of life. Compare your way of life with someone on an assembly line putting seven nails in seven holes — the plunger comes down — the shoe moves down the line — the next heel pops up — putting seven nails in seven holes — the plunger. . . .

The frustration is building up around us — think of the F.L.Q. Are we, as farmers, going to add to the frustration? We are! On all sides farmers are suggesting that we set up controls to lock ourselves in and our neighbours out. As Christians we must look for alternatives — alternatives that will ease the frustration rather than build it.

Ten, twenty, thirty, fifty, a hundred years from now someone is by chance going to stumble across the Christian Farmers Federation. Perhaps in a magazine, or a history book, or from someone reminiscing about years gone by.

What will he find? Will he find us with personal pride unchecked? Will the organization be a jumble of loose ends? Will our structure be slowly folding — its back ready to break in the next organizational power struggle? Will there be an obvious wiggle in its middle as it leaves a bit of its sure foundation in the Word of God?

No, he will not find that. Not as long as we have our farmer — our fisherman — Jesus Christ! That someone will find us alive and well.

We may not be big but we will be powerful. We may not have many human resources but we will have the resource. Christ will be here, Christ will repair and repaint, prune and prime, build and rebuild. Christ's efforts will not be for nothing. He will bless.

Christ is here with us today. I pray that he will stay with us and that we will continue to be worthy of being used by Him in His plans to redeem His people.

May Christian farmers and the Christian Farmers Federation remain true to Him so that His power will remain our power.

E. Van Donkersgoed.

CRISIS AN[illegible] Journey

(Continued from page 3)

my bed and had my morning devotions — very intensely!

Then I began to ask some questions about those high-rise buildings in California. I learned there are two things necessary for those buildings to stand. First, their foundations must be built into bedrock. But along with that, they have to be pre-stressed so that in the joints there is some give and take so that with the impact of an earthquake they can sway and remain standing.

What a tremendous parable of what the Christian and the church and any Christian institution ought to be: founded on the bedrock — the truth of God's revelation, but also with the flexibility and freedom of the Spirit of God. If we don't have both then we can't stand.

Pray for the gifts of discernment to know what are the areas that are foundational which must not be changed, and what are the areas which are matters of freedom and flexibility in the Holy Spirit.

I'd like to suggest that there are some convictions in the Scripture that are non-negotiable. There's no argument about them. These are foundational truths. One is the sovereignty of God and His holiness as the basis for all morality. Another is the priority of evangelism as our mission for Christ. A third is the invincibility of the church as part of God's plan. And another is the finality of Jesus Christ as the basis for our salvation. We need to stand with no uncertain trumpet blast in our day to reaffirm these truths. But we must do it in such a way that we don't get our response to those truths mixed up with the truth itself.

Francis Schaeffer warns that we must not get God's absolutes mixed up with what is "sociologically comfortable." Take this matter of the sovereignty of God. His holiness is the only basis we have for any real morality. We live today in a moral wilderness. There have always been people who've said, "Break the rules." But we have today people saying that there are no rules! It is a day such as David knew when every moral value was being called into question. The prophet cried out, "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?"

David saw clearly that if there is no foundation for right and wrong that we might just as well give up. There is no basis for society. Then he said, "But the Lord is in his holy temple, his throne is in heaven, his eyes behold and his eyelids try the children of men."

Men with ministries as diverse as Billy Graham and Francis Schaeffer have said to us that if we want to speak the gospel to 20th century man we have to begin with the reality and judgment of God. That's true. But if we expect to take us seriously, then we have to demonstrate that we ourselves take it seriously. If we say, "God is the judge of all men," but convey the impression that God judges America less rigorously than he does Russia or China, then men will mock us.

If I understand what some sensitive Christians — especially young ones — are saying today, it's this: "We believe we have had an unfortunate tendency to dress up our Savior in red, white and blue. We have been too quick to identify Jesus Christ with Uncle Sam."

Honor America? Yes! I've got no time for those carping critics who see nothing but bad in this great country. But worship America? Or any country? No. We've got to make clear that our loyalty as citizens is not on the same level as our loyalty to the kingdom of God. It means we must be careful of any selective morality. The same God who said "No Adultery" also said "No Murder" and "No Hating."

Do we make it clear that in God's sight the racist is just as bad as the pornographer? The hate-pusher as immoral as the dope-pusher?

Our Biblical morality will make little impression unless people see that we are applying the whole of the Bible to the whole of life.

Another foundation that does not change is the priority of evangel-[illegible] other interesting things to see and to experience.

The engines seemed ready f[illegible] take-off. The airplane began [illegible] move, still bound to the earth. T[illegible] feeling of its wheels still [illegible] [illegible] if he stopped sharing Christ. And still the discipling of the nations is our number one mission. It does not change. Yet while the priority of evangelism does not change, the patterns of our evangelism must constantly be re-examined.

What is the message? We know that. But **how** do we say it and **where** do we put it? It seems to me that the key word is, "Incarnation." The secret of our salvation is the Word become flesh. And when our message fails to reach people I realize in my own experience that it's not that the message is false, or that the message lacks power. It's that the Word has become words, insteads of becoming flesh.

Somehow I believe that all our programs of evangelism will have little impact unless we reach men as Jesus did — real people in a real world with real lives. Verbally and non-verbally, telling men's minds the truth, but also touching men's needs as Jesus did.

Recently I heard Dr. Roger Frederickson, past pesident of the American Baptist Convention, telling of his church in Sioux Falls, South Dakota — a wonderful church where a real movement of the Holy Spirit is going on. Lay witness teams are going all over to share the message of Christ. It's an evangelistic church with invitations given regularly to receive Christ.

Dr. Frederickson said a group of lay people were meeting regularly and saying, "What is the ministry that God has for us?" They decided to establish a half-way house to help rehabilitate prisoners, offering some place where they could live until they got established.

They secured a large house and a young couple with two lovely daughters, moved in to supervise it. The ex-convicts began moving in too, paying a very low weekly rent. Only a few simple rules governed the place.

A man in his late thirties who had been in prison every year since he was 15 came to stay. One day as he was sitting in the lounge the little daughter of this couple living there went to this man, climbed up into his lap, threw her arms around his neck and hugged him. The man told someone afterward, "That's the first time in my life I can remember anybody touching me in affection."

He started to come to church and a few weeks later on a Sunday night he walked down the aisle to commit his life to Christ!

Another fountain stone is the Church. Paul wrote to the Ephesians, "You belong in God's household with every other Christian. What a foundation is Jesus Christ Himself."

There will always be a place for the Church until Christ comes. But any church that stops growing will become unusable. It lost its [illegible] its contact with the people [illegible] wasted away.

[illegible] again, what is the foundation? Where is the flexibility?

We live in a world that is fed up with impersonal institutions. People are hungry for genuine community — that sense of being joined together in Christ. Buildings aren't absolute; you can have a meeting in a house. Programs aren't absolute; there's nothing in the Book of Acts that says you have to have worship at 11 a.m. on Sunday morning. That just happened to be the most convenient time between milkings in rural America. But what is absolutely vital is that in a world where people are treated like "things" when they come to church they recognize that there we have that sense of being accepted in Christ. Young and old, black and white, long haired or no-haired, here we belong!

The Peninsula Bible Church in Palo Alto, California every Sunday night has a Body-Life service. They sing some songs old and new; they have straight teaching of the Scripture; there are questions asked; then they have a 45-minute sharing period with microphones from the floor. It's an old-time testimony service plus. People get up and testify what Christ has done for them that week but they also stand up and share very practical needs that they have. And when they take the offering they allow people to take out of the plate some money if they have a need that won't be met in the next 24 hours. And they do, returning the following Sunday to put it back with interest.

People are coming. Why? Because they sense here we are finding the real community of Christ.

The finality of Jesus Christ as our message is another absolute. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid which is Jesus Christ." We do not change the Gospel by a 51 per cent vote. When we say to people, "Christ is the answer," are we showing them in what way Christ is the answer? Not just with pat slogans. But **how.**

In Jesus Christ we have a God who deals with the most evasive problem of our time: alienation and loneliness. Behind all the destructive behavior, the war and the repression and the addiction to drugs and alcoholism and materialism and the promiscuous sex, man is saying, "I'm lost and I'm lonely and I'm alienated and, as they sing in "Woodstock," "We've got to get back to the Garden."

When we say Jesus Christ is the answer what we're saying is, "Where did the identity crisis start?" Where does brother get alienated from brother? Where does the ecological crisis begin? **In the Garden!** The ground was cursed, and man died and Cain killed Abel. Jesus Christ is the answer because He's the bridge across troubled waters that brings us back to God and back to ourselves and back to each other. No pat answers.

War and pollution will not automatically stop with conversion. Let's not give the impression that it does. But Jesus Christ is no crutch. He is the ground to walk on into the midst of the problems of our **day.**

A few days after Kent State's tragedy we held a crusade in Knoxville, Tenn. I remember one guy who got up and came to the front — sandals, long hair — the whole bit. He raised his left hand in a two-finger peace signal as he stood there at the front and he raised his right hand in a one-finger Jesus signal. I watched him. Afterward I talked to him. He said, "I want to see peace. I want to see love. But Jesus, I see, is the only way to do it."

As he stood there his arms got tired. They began to shake. And then off the platform there got up an elderly Negro minister. He walked behind that boy and held his arms up! Just like Moses and his helpers of the Old Testament.

I thought, "My God, if those of us who believe Jesus Christ is the answer could somehow let the people of our day — specially these kids with their idealism — know that He is and stand behind them with our prayer and our support, we could begin to say to the world, torn apart as it is, **One Way!**

Let's believe it and live it and say it.

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